THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI 39 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1927. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

Very Fine Quality

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Truly satisfying—only 43c per ½ lb.

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15tf

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The following special sale offerings afford a wide range of styles.

AUGUST SALE PRICES $1.00

If priced in the regular way would be $5.00, to $10.00

WOMEN'S SILK STOCKINGS

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Regularly $1.50 and $1.00 pair

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Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts; Good country store business proposition; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS,
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South of Paisley House.

FOR SALE.

A 100 acre farm, at a bargain; an exceptionally good 200 acre farm; a good 100 acre farm, stock, machinery, and crop, easy terms; Mrs. Gerow's brick store Dundas St., and residence and land on Palace Road, just outside of town; Harry Walsh farm, Morven, at a bargain for quick sale; Madden property, over 50 acres on Belleville Road, choice land, only 4 acres in town limits; a good 160 acre farm, Switzerville Church on same lot and school across road; D. N. Lucas farm, 100 acres, about 4 miles from town; Fraser Allen farm, 150 acres, Newburgh; James E. Hamilton farm, 115 acres, Yarker, Clayton Cranston farm, 200 acres, Switzerville; W. Henderson farm, Palace Road. Several residences moderately priced, and two good business properties in town.

JOHN WILSON,
Phone 26, Napanee.

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to loose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street.

27-tf

ROOMERS WANTED—Girls preferred. Apply at this Office. 39-b

FOUND—Chauffeur's License pin No. 43109. Will owner call for same at this office. 39-a

WANTED—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 31e

FOR SALE—Two General Purpose Horses and several used plows. JNO. ROBINSON, Massey-Harris Agent. 39-b

COW FOR SALE—A good Jersey cow, eight years old, in good condition, due to freshen about March 1st, 1928. Apply to W. R. MILLER, Napanee, R. R. No. 3. 39-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, known as part of Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—My entire flock of eighteen young laying hens, must be sld within a few days. Apply to MRS. NELLIE PAUL, Bridge St., or PAUL'S GARAGE, Phone 198, Napanee. 39-ap

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Free demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Jane E. Ham, late f the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 15th day of September, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
38-d

A Entries in the $50,000 swimming marathon in Lake Ontario, August 31st, will number about 435. No more entries, whether mailed or otherwise, are being accepted with the exception of less than half a dozen applicants. The final total will be about this figure. Actually 423 entries are in hand.

FINE GAME IN DESERONTO

The Softball fans of Deseronto have been clamoring all year for a game there, and as the Leafs have drawn largely in that town for players an exhibition game was arranged with the Belleville Ontarios for last Tuesday night.

The game was so well played and so exciting that the crowd was delighted, and are eager to have more games played there. As the collection was so much better than that usually received here, there is a strong possibility that more games will be played there in future.

The pleasing feature, particularly for the Deseronto people, was the excellent work of the three Deseronto players, Ivy Hopping, the slugging centre fielder, did not get a chance to distinguish herself in the field, as no balls were batted in her direction, and the Belleville batters passed her every time she came to bat. Whitton, however, had seven assists, handling every ball perfectly. Lillian Wagar, though out of practice, pitched a wonderful game, striking out seven, and allowing only five well scattered hits. She issued four free passages to first. She shaded the opposing pitcher considerably, and but for the one Napanee error, would have won. Hazel O'Neil was a heavy hitter for Napanee, getting two hits and scoring two runs, including a double. Stinson, Embury and Johnston getting the others.

The Ontarios were right on their game, and played errorless ball all through. They earned their runs in most cases in the second Mary Adams hit a triple close to the right field foul line, with her sister, Jennie, on base from a walk. In the fifth Jennie Adams got a home run, and in the last inning Audrey Wilkins, single, a walk to Dolly Canning and Mary Adams, and an error gave them four runs.

If Napanee can continue to play ball as well as they have in their last two games, they will have a good chance of winning from any team in the game. They have gone through seven innings without a misplay, a local record for softball.

Ontarios—M. Adams, E. Wilkins, Kelleher, A. Wilkins, O. Adams, J. Adams, Holway, Jerrell and Canning.

Leafs—Whitton ss, Douglas 1b, Stinson c, McGuire lf, Embury 2b, O'Neill 3b, Johnston rf, Hopping cf, Wagar p.

Napanee..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 5—6
Ontarios..... 0 0 1 0 1 0 4—6

Wagar and Stinson. Adams and Wilkins.

Binder Twine.

Plymouth Binder Twine and Horse Rake Rope or Horse Fork Chain at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WILTON.

The anniversary services which were held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday last were a decided success. Rev. A. L. Blacklock, of Boston, officiated assisted by W. S. Foffett. Mr. Blacklock's text at each service was very impressively rendered. The church was filled to the utmost capacity. On Monday evening, in connection with the anniversary, a social was held on the Presbyterian church given by eight Kingston artists. Although the evening was cold, a large crowd gathered and made it a decided success. Proceeds of the social amounted to $162.00. Before the social a ball game was held between the "Alerts" and a picked up team from Odessa and Wilton, the latter victors being the Alerts, and this was the first game of the season for the other team, but being a burlesque of sports didn't mind the defeat.

Mr. Adrian Babcock, Morven, is visiting Mr. Earl Cole.

The threshing machine is making its rounds in the community at present and all the farmers are pleased with such fine weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudgins, Mrs. Stanley Peters and Mrs. J. E. MacArthur visited friends in Napanee recently.

Mr. Noble, Vancouver, B.C., is visiting Mr. Carter Davison.

Mrs. Henry Burley, of Odessa, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hannah Stover.

Miss Bertha Cliff, B.A., of Portsmouth, is visiting Miss Dorothy Neilson.

A number from here attended the Conservative picnic at Parham on Wednesday and reported a good time.

VOTERS' LIST, 1927.

Municipality of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Section 9 of the Ontario Voters' List Act the copies required by said Section to be so transmitted or delivered of the List pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote at the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office at Selby on the thirteenth day of August, 1927, and remains there for inspection. And I hereby call on all persons to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

H. A. WOOD,
Clerk of the Township of Richmond.

Dated at Selby, this 22nd day of August, 1927.

FOUR BIG DAYS FOUR BIG NIGHTS

THE LENNOX FAIR OPENS AT NAPANEE TO-DAY.

The Lennox County Fair, which is being held at Napanee this week, and which opens to-day is showing into one of the best Fairs shows in this part of Ontario. From year to year new features are being added and this year is no exception.

Napanee is noted for its extra good horse races, which are always of the best, and the races this year promise to be unusually good. There will be two races each afternoon, together with hard and soft ball games, and all the other attractions besides, including the R.M.C. Riding Academy, the Midway, the Cobourg Highlanders Band, etc.

Then there will be the usual interesting exhibits in the pulpoe, the horse exhibit, the cattle, sheep and swine exhibit, the poultry exhibit, and many other interesting things to see.

The evening performances this year promise to eclipse anything heretofore attempted. To attempt to describe it would take too much space.

Something new every day and every evening.

The big four days' event will be concluded by a big community dance in the armouries, with the music being furnished by the Cobourg Highlanders Band.

ODESSA.

Mr. V. Woodruff, of Oshawa, spent a few days with his cousin, Mrs. (Dr.) A. E. Mabee. Miss Frankie Asselstine was also her week-end guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hinch and sons, Ogden and Arch, Camden East, and Miss Mara, Bickrell's Corners, were last Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. King.

Lyman Gordon, Toronto, spent a few days recently with his mother, Mrs. A. Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormack St. Catherines, are visiting relatives and friends.

Charley Timmerman, who has been holidaying at his home here, has returned to Montreal. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Robert Garns.

Mrs. Rodney and daughter, Kingston, spent a few days with Mrs. D. Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson and sons, James and Jack, and daughter, Marie, Kingston, were recent guests of Mrs. Stevenson's father, W. E. Topliff.

William Ward, Toronto, spent a couple of weeks with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nelson Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Smith, accompanied by Miss Bernice Moore and Mr. Ward, motored to Toronto and spent a few days with Mrs. Smith's father, Mr. Scott. On their return home they were accompanied by Mrs. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Topliff, Miss Gladys Topliff and Miss Marie Kenyon spent Thursday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Robertson, Violet.

DESERONTO.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodall and son, William, of Toronto, former residents of this town, called on friends on Friday.

Mr. William Gault, of the Napanee Express Office, is spending his vacation at Grassy Point with his mother, Mrs. T. D. Gault.

Miss Helen Cook, of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Rebecca Smith.

Dr. Boyce spent Wednesday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weiss spent Wednesday in Belleville.

Mr. Kenneth Dettor has returned to Montreal after a pleasant vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Detlor.

Mrs. Frank Peden, of Montreal, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. W. Scott.

Mrs. Walter Clapperton and children have returned from Havelock where they visited friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole are spending their vacation in Rochester, N.Y.

Thomas Naylor of the local express office, expects to go to Brockville this week to relieve for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Kerr, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Hatton and Mrs. J. M. Lyman, has returned to her home in Napanee.

The bowlers expect to go to Tweed the end of the month for a return game.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and son, who were guests at Mrs. Gault's cottage on Grassy Point, have returned to Toronto.

'Twas the Spare.

A well-known car-builder in the Old Country was invited by one of the chief engineers of another motor company to accompany him on a trial run with a new car. The invitation was accepted, and once on the open road the engineer opened out the car till he was doing about 110 k.p.h. It was a blazing hot day. Suddenly there came the terrific report of a burst tyre at such a speed generally means disaster. The engineer gripped the wheel, and, holding the swaying car more or less steady, finally succeeded in pulling her up.

"There!" exclaimed the driver, triumphantly. "You see what it is to have good nerves and to be able to drive a car."

The builder got out and went round to the rear to investigate. "Do you know which tyre has burst?" he asked.

"Rear one, I suppose," said the driver.

"No," was the reply. "It's the spare!" It had burst with the heat of the sun.

SOFTBALL

The past week has seen plenty of softball played by the Napanee team, but most of the games were not so good. After a fine exhibition game in Deseronto Tuesday, they appeared at their worst on Wednesday evening against the Belleville Beavers, the Belleville team, smarting under their constant defeats, were determined to win, and certainly the decisions of the umpire at the plate helped them considerably the game turned out to be a bit rough. Mary Stinson, the local catcher, receiving severe injuries to her shoulder, which necessitated her withdrawal from the game. Hazel O'Neil pluckily went in and finished the game behind the plate. The feature of the game was the longest home run ever seen in Riverdale Park. The ball was driven to the corner of Bellevue in the deep right field, on top of the gravel pits there.

Miss McGuire won a pass to the Buds & Blossoms show by her hit. The score was 12-6.

The following evening, the Leafs visited Tamworth, with a team which was badly crippled. The game there was loosely played, and the Tamworth girls nosed out a one run victory in the last inning. They have in Miss Loveridge an able pitcher, and were they close enough to large towns to visit they could play all the time, they have a team which might go a long way in baseball. They will appear at the Fall Fair on Thursday.

With eight players Leafs went to Belleville on Friday, to meet the Ontarios. The home team were good enough to loan them a player, Miss Canning, who made a fine catch to centre field. Napanee, after holding a lead for all the game were tied in the last inning, and a home run with two on base gave Ontarios the game in exactly the same manner as the last game the Leafs played there. In this game, however, both teams played excellent ball. Miss Douglas, pitching for Napanee, was not quite so effective as usual, and Miss Stinson, slowly recovering from her injuries, caught the whole game.

Beavers.....	0	3	0	4	2	0	1	2	—12
Leafs.....	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	2	— 6
Gray and Whalen ; Wagar and Stinson ; O'Neill.									
Leafs.....	3	0	3	1	2	1	—		—10
Tamworth.....	3	2	3	1	1	1	—		—11

Johnston and O'Neill ; Lockridge and Milligan.

Leafs.....	2	3	0	0	0	3	—	8		
Ontarios.....	4	0	2	0	4	—	10			

Douglas and Stinson ; Adams and Wilkins.

The Beavers, when the League was started, agreed that owing to the two teams being left in the league, play-offs should be dispensed with. The Leafs having won the League, they are insisting on the first and second teams playing off, which is, on the face of it, absurd. The Leafs are appealing the case to higher authority.

STELLA.

The different threshing companies are ready for operation. The grain crop around Amherstland this season is not a heavy one, and it is expected with good weather that the threshing will be completed early in September.

Rev. J. V. Laughland, pastor of St. Paul's, Presbyterian church gave a lecture in Victoria Hall on Saturday evening last, under the auspices of the W.M.S. It was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Willard have returned home from Buffalo, N.Y., where they were at the bedside of their son, Andrew Willard, ill in hospital. They left their son much improved in health.

Rev. Mr. Irvine, Kingston, occupied the pulpit of St. Alban's and Christ's Church, Emerald, on Sunday last, in the absence of the rector, Rev. Thomas Leech.

R. J. Marshall, Lake View, has returned home after a short trip down the Rideau.

A number of relatives from here attended the funeral of the late George Fleming, in Kingston, on Tuesday.

H. Brown, Buffalo, N.Y., is spending a few days on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McFern and Harry Glenn, Three Rivers, Que., are visiting the former at J. E. McFern's, and the latter at T. A. Glenn's.

Miss A. Sylvester, Stratford, is visiting friends here.

Sodium Sulphate Deposits.

According to the Dominion Department of Mines eighty-three occurrence of sodium sulphate deposits are to be found in Western Canada, principally in Saskatchewan, and an investigation of 21 of these show the presence of over 115,000,000 tons of hydrous salts, mainly sodium sulphate. This commodity is used in Canada in the pulp and paper industry and also in the glass, metallurgical, dye, textile and other industries.

Fishing Developed His Muscles.

Blank came back from his fortnight's holiday, brown and proud of his bulging muscles.

"Look at these arms," he said.

They were certainly in good condition. Smith looked down to row.

"Rowing be blowed," he snorted. "I got them pulling in fish."

Memorial to Wallace.

A memorial to Wallace, the great patriot, and to Robert Bruce is to be erected in Edinburgh in accordance with a bequest. It has been decided that the proposed memorial should take the form of statues of Wallace and Bruce, to be placed in niches at the entrance of the castle.

UPPER SCHOOL RESULTS, NAPANEE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

The following are the Upper School examination results.

1, First Class, 75%. 2, Second Class, 66-75%. 3, Third Class, 50-66 %. C, Pass, 50-60%.

Of the total number of papers tried 80% were successfully passed. Certificates have been mailed to the candidates.

Anderson, D., Algebra c ; Geometry 2 ; Trigonometry 1 ; Physics c ; Chemistry 3 ; Lat. Authors c ; Lat. Composition c ; French Authors 1 ; French Composition 3.
Asselstine, A., Trigonometry c ; Botany 2 ; Zoology 2 ; Fr. Authors 3 ; Fr. Composition c.
Aylsworth, E., History c ; Algebra 2 ; Geometry 3 ; Trigonometry 3 ; Botany 2 ; Zoology c ; Physics c.
Benjamin, E., Eng. Compsition c ; Eng. Literature c.
Boyes, G., Eng. Literature 3.
Caton, D., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature c ; Geometry c.
Cavanaugh, A., Lat. Composition c; Fr. Authors 3; Fr. Composition c.
Corkill, M., History 2 ; Algebra c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 2 ; Physics c ; Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors c ; Lat. Composition c ; Fr. Authors c ; Fr. Composition c.
Cowle, R., Algebra 2 ; Geometry 2 ; Trigonometry 1.
Davern, D., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature 3.
Davern, G., History c.
Deline, H., History c ; Algebra c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 1 ; Physics c ; Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors c ; Lat. Composition c ; Fr. Authors 2 ; Fr. Composition 3.
Dickson, K., Eng. Composition 3 ; Eng. Literature 2.
File, G., History c ; Trigonometry 1.
Fingland, E., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature 3 ; History c ; Botany 3.
Gibbard, E., Eng. Composition 2 ; Eng. Literature c.
Gibson, G., Algebra c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry c ; Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors c ; Lat. Composition 3 ; Fr. Authors c ; Fr. Composition 3.
Gleeson, K., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature 3.
Graham, C., Trigonometry c ; Lat. Authors c.
Grange, H., Eng. Composition 3 ; Eng. Literature c.
Ham, T., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature 3.
Hawley, D., Eng. Composition c ; Eng. Literature 3.
Hinch, M., History 1 ; Zoology 2 ; Fr. Composition c.
Hogle, D., Eng. Composition c; Eng. Literature 1.
McGuire, G., Eng. Composition 3 ; Eng. Literature c.
Mellow, M., Eng. Composition 2 ; Eng. Literature 1.
Miller, P., History c ; Algebra c ; Geometry 3 ; Trigonometry 2 ; Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors c ; Lat. Composition c ; Fr. Authors c ; Fr. Composition c.
Mills, E., Eng. Composition 3 ; Eng. Literature 1.
Moffat, T., Algebra c; Geometry 2 ; Trigonometry 3.
Parks, A., Eng. Composition c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 3 ; Chemistry c.
Ramsay, H., Algebra c ; Geometry 1 ; Trigonometry 2 ; Chemistry 2.
Reid, C., Physics c ; Lat. Authors 2 ; Lat. Composition c ; Fr. Composition c.
Rikley, M., Algebra c ; Lat. Authors c ; Fr. Composition c.
Roblin, M., Eng. Literature 2 ; Algebra c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 3 ; Botany 3 ; Zoology 2.
Rowse, N., Engr Composition c ; Eng. Literature 2 ; Geometry 1 ; Trigonometry 1 ; Physics c ; Fr. Authors 2 ; Fr. Composition c.
Schell, H., Eng. Literature 1.
Stinson, L., Eng. Composition c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 2 ; Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors 3 ; Lat. Composition c.
Vanalstine, V., History 3 ; Algebra 1 ; Geometry 1 ; Trigonometry 1 ; Lat. Authors 2 ; Lat. Composition 2 ; Fr. Authors 1 ; Fr. Composition 2.
Wartman, L., Chemistry c ; Lat. Authors c.
Wilson, A., Algebra c ; Geometry c ; Trigonometry 1; Chemistry 3 ; Lat. Authors 3 ; Lat. Composition c; Fr. Composition 3.
Wright, D., Eng. Literature 3.
Young, Maurice, Eng. Literature 1 ; History c ; Botany 1 ; Zoology 2 ; Fr. Authors 2.
Young, Charles, Trigonometry c.
Wagar, M., Eng. Composition c.
Harrison, A., Eng. Composition 3 ; Eng. Literature c ; History c ; Fr. Authors c ; Fr. Composition c.
Daverin, E., Eng. Composition c.

CAMDEN EAST.

The gardens are drying up for lack of rain in this vicinity and unless it is soon forthcoming the late potato crop will be a failure.

Quite a number from here attended the monster Conservative picnic held at Long Lake on Wednesday in honor of Hon. W. D. Black, M.L.A., and report a good time.

Several of the young ladies enjoyed a picnic at Cedar Crest Camp, Varty Lake, on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Lillian Alkenbrack, nurse-in-training, at Ottawa, is spending her holidays at her home.

Miss Edith Williams is visiting friends at Harrowsmith.

The W. M. S. held their August meeting on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Nelson Amey, accompanied by her youngest daughter, Ida, and the latter's husband, of Detroit, Mich., were renewing acquaintances in the village on Monday afternoon last.

Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Spencer, who are camping at Sydenham, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Guy, of Orrville, motored down and are guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Guy, and also his sister, Miss Mary Guy.

Miss Marion McLean has returned to her home after visiting Miss Bessie Stedman.

Gerald Davison, of Brownville, N.J., spent a couple of days at the home of his uncle, James Skinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mardonald and two children, have returned to their home in Toronto, after spending a week with the former's parents and other relatives.

Mrs. D. K. Saul spent a week with her sister, Mrs. Armitage, Marysville.

Mr. Henry Martin, Toronto, spent last week-end with his sister, Miss L. Martin.

Miss Grace Gallagher has returned home after spending a month in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Goodwin and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Worthington and little daughter, and Mr. Harry Worthington have returned to Toronto after holidaying at R. J. Osler's.

Miss Mona Worthington, Toronto, is at the home of her uncle, R. J. Osler, for a time.

CROYDON.

The farmers have finished the hay crop and are cutting their grain and report the hay and grain crops the best in years.

Mrs. Carrie Squires and daughter, Mrs. Carrie Hedbergh, of Jamestown, N.Y., motored over and spent a week with the former's nephew, W. B. Close, and other relatives, after an absence of forty-four years.

Mrs. Alfred Moore, of Plevna, is visiting with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. King.

Mrs. David Barrager has returned home from Kingston Hospital, after having a successful operation.

Mrs. H. M. Paul and Isobel and Miss Lucy Nutty left on Monday last for their home in Hartney, Man., after visiting friends at Croydon, Tamworth, Camden East and Picton.

SELBY.

Rev. Campbell, Ottawa, took charge of the service here on Sunday last, in the United Church.

Rev. Mr. Batstone is on his vacation, so there will not be any service again next Sunday.

All are glad to say W. Prisken has returned home from the General Hospital feeling much better.

The Amiesite road is about completed and makes a fine road.

H. Gourlie's baby is able to be out again.

The friends of Mrs. Card are glad to hear she is getting so nicely after her serious operation at the General Hospital, Kingston.

Mrs. Martin entertained the W. C. T. U. ladies on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Anderson and daughter, Belleville, are visiting at his father's.

H. Gourlie is doing a great business with his threshing outfit.

Miss Marguerite Wood is visiting friends at Empey Hill.

LENNOX FAIR, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SOFTBALL PLAYOFFS for Eastern Ontario Championship—Kingston Treasures vs. Napanee Leafs Wednesday Aug. 31st 6 p.m. 39-a

Where will you stay while in Toronto?

Toronto papers are already advertising accommodation for Exhibition visitors. Whether you plan to stay at a hotel, with friends, or in one of the many homes offering accommodation, we suggest that you make arrangements *in advance.*

The quickest and surest way is to Telephone by Long Distance, get full particulars, and settle it at once.

Those advertising accommodation nearly always give their telephone number. A Station-to-Station call will serve your purpose, and the rate is lower.

M. M. NOLAN,
Manager.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA

495

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL. (Editor of The Sunday School Times).

NATHAN LEADS DAVID TO REPENTANCE.

Sunday, Aug. 28.—II. Samuel 11 : 1 to 12 : 25.

Golden Text—A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise (Psa. 51 : 17).

Sin is the deadliest thing in the universe. It is the subtlest and most dangerous. It is very plausible, often very attractive, and offers itself as something greatly to be desired. God's people are always liable to sin. Satan, as the great adversary of Christ, and innumerable hosts of Satan, evil spirits who do his bidding, seek to draw down God's people in sin.

These facts should be borne in mind as we study the tragic sin of David. But we must also remember the still greater fact that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5 : 20). Sin and Satan are great, but Christ is greater. Sin is terribly powerful, more powerful than any human strength; but Christ is omnipotent. All that sin can destroy Christ can redeem and restore, when the matter is brought to Christ in confession and repentance.

The record of David's great sin is given in full detail in II. Samuel 11. Such a record given in the biography and history of a great man of God and his leadership of God's people, is one of the unique evidences of the inspiration of the Bible. God's Word never glosses over the sins of God's people, nor does it tone those sins down, or make light of them, or explain them away. It records them in all their tragedy and stark horror.

So we are told of David's unrestrained lust, his adultery, which, because he was a king no one could prevent, and which was therefore the greater sin because he was king; then of his heartless cruelty in the deliberate murder of one of his most loyal soldiers, Uriah, the Hittite, the husband of the woman David had wronged. Technically it was not called murder, but actually it was, as David gave orders to one of his commanders to place Uriah in such a position in battle that he would certainly be killed. Indeed David commanded that, after setting "Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle," his fellow-soldiers were to "retire.....from him, that he may be smitten, and die."

David's plan was entirely successful. He took the woman he wanted while her husband still lived; then he killed her husband; then he made the widow his wife. The story is told in unadorned sentences with few adjectives and no comment, until the end of the chapter is reached. Then comes the quoted word : "But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord."

David's "success" was failure indeed. He had abandoned the Lord; but the Lord did not abandon him. God loves us while we are His enemies, whether before or after we are saved. That is the only reason why the saved who sin are brought back into full fellowship with God.

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David." The story Nathan told David is one of the exquisite prose lyrics of all literature. It should be read aloud in class (12 : 1-4). Making no comment on David's sin, the prophet simply told the King of a rich man, possessing many herds, who sent to a poor man who had only one little ewe lamb; the rich man took the poor man's lamb, killed it and served it as a meal for a visitor.

David did just what God and Nathan intended his anger was kindled, and he said that the man who had done that should die. Ten came the prophet's quiet condemnation as he said to the King, "Thou art the man."

Through Nathan God rehearsed to David His great goodness and mercy in bringing David up from insignificance to be King of a great people, God's own people. And the verdict that God pronounced was this : "Thou hast despised Me." That is doubtless why David cried out, in his great Psalm of repentance (51), "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." Every sin is a despising of God. David had sinned against Bathsheba, and against Uriah, but his greatest sin was against God.

The best thing in the whole sad story is the instant word of David, when Nathan had finished speaking, "I have sinned against the Lord." Then came God's instant word : "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." The wages of sin is death; every time any man or he deserves both bodily and spiritual death, the first and the second death. But when David's righteous judgment on the rich man who had taken the poor man's ewe lamb; and it is God's own judgment on all sin. But God, in strict righteousness and justice, has provided a way by which the necessary death penalty of our sin could be paid and at the same time we could go free. He did this by giving His own Son, Jesus Christ, to die in our place. If we receive this great sacrifice of God the Father and the Son, and believe on Christ as Saviour, we are saved and have eternal life instead of eternal death.

Moreover, if one who is already saved, as David was, falls into sin there is a way of instant forgiveness and restoration. David too knew that way : confession. Under the New Covenant of our Lord Jesus Christ we are told that "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I. John 1 : 9).

The sin was fully forgiven; David was restored to fellowship with God; but there were consequences of the sin that had to follow, and David was told what these would be : under his regin there would be continued warfare and "the sword shall never depart from thine house." And the child born from this sinful union must die.

THE PLUM.

Several of the Popular Varieties Had Romantic Origins.

Kirke's plum was first brought to the notice of the public by a man named Kirke, of Brompton, England, who discovered this splendid fruit by accident in a fruiterer's window.

The violet, an older plum, was first cultivated by Mr. Tradescant, gardener to Charles I. At one time this plum was supposed to be found in the garden of every poor cottager, and in consequence became known as "the cottager's plum."

A plant answering to the description of the now popular greengage was first sent from France by the Earl of Stair to the Duke of Rutland under the name of Spanish Green, but its subsequent name, greengage, resulted from an accident.

It appears that the Gage family, pioneers among fruit-growers, procured a collection of fruit trees from the monks of the Chartreuse. Upon the arrival of the consignment in England, however, it was discovered that the designating label had been lost. As a result of this accident the gardener, ignorant of the correct name, christened the fruit after the family who employed him.

The cherry plum is conspicuous for its early flowering. Its fruit makes capital dessert and excellent pies. The Fotheringham is a hardy variety first cultivated at Sheen, near Richmond, by Sir William Temple as far back as 1700, and then known as the Sheen Plum. The imperial Diadem was first raised from seed near Manchester about the middle of the eighteenth century. When ripe its fruit forms an excellent preserve.

Another variety of this popular fruit is the sloe. The sloe is used in the making of home-made wines to impart the color of port, while the juice itself has often been sold as cheap port wine.

CANADIAN FARM LIFE LOOKS "MIGHTY GOOD" TO REPATRIATED MAN

Brings Strange Story of Unpleasant Adventures in Belgium and Holland.

CRAWLED ACROSS BORDER

Stranded Overseas Without Identification Papers after being "Shanghaied" on French Steamer.

Montreal, August 4th.—The peaceful life of a farm worker in Canada looks "mighty good" after half a year of life in various prisons, where he was held because he could not prove his Canadian citizenship, according to C. Wark, repatriated Canadian, who has been placed in farm work by the Colonization and Agriculture Department of the Canadian National Railways. Before his departure for Lacolle, Mr. Wark, who reached Canada on the Cunard liner Ausonia, related a tale of having been "shanghaied" aboard a French freighter, carried to Sicily and there discharged—stranded—to undergo many hardships before securing his return to Canada. According to Mr. Wark, this was his third voyage "before the mast," and it will be his last, the Canadian farm looking attractive after his adventures.

In his statement made at the Colonization office of the Canadian Natinal Railways at Bonaventure Station, where employment was found for him, Wark stated that in December last he had been offered employment as a fireman on a French freighter, the S. S. Leopold, of Marseilles registry, then lying at Quebec. Fare to Quebec, Canadian wages and free return to Canada were offered, he declared. He and a companion therefore went to Quebec and arriving there late at night, went aboard the Leopold to interview the captain. Wark declares he asked the captain regarding wages and his return to Canada, and was told to retire to the crew's headquarters for the night as it was too late, and the details of engagement would be discussed in the morning. With his companion, Wark retired, and next morning awoke to find the vessel steaming down the St. Lawrence, while he and his mate were aboard, without any papers with would identify them. They had no choice but to continue the voyage to Catania, Sicily, where they were informed that the crew was to be paid off and replaced by a French crew.

Wark claims he was then refused return passage to Canada, and on seeking the assistance of the nearest British consul, was informed that that official could do nothing for him as he had neither birth certificate, passport nor other papers to identify himself.

With his companion, Wark therefore took a train, intending to cross France and try to reach England. When they reached the Italian border, however, they were stopped by Italian border police, and as they could produce no passports, were held as suspected French spies. Three days later they were released by the Italian police and passed over the French border, where they were immediately arrested by the French border police and held under French guard, as trouble was then brewing between France and Italy. At the end of two days they were again released and proceeded to Le Havre where Wark again went before the British Consul. Here again he was told that nothing could be done for him, so he went to work for three weeks unloading coal vessels. He then got passage to Cardiff on an English ship, and arriving there as he declares, he found that though the crew were being paid off, his pay was refused him, as he had no papers which would admit him to Britain.

On February 5th, Wark states, he was brought before the immigration authorities and was sent to London where he was further examined. He was refused permission to visit the High Commissioner's Office, he claims, and also permission to cable his parents at Bobbington, near Owen Sound, Ontario, to establish his identity. On the following day he was deported to Dunkirk, France, for having entered Britain without proper passports.

"From Dunkirk," Wark stated, "I took the train to Antwerp and after I had been there four days and my funds had given out, I was arrested by the police and taught before a magistrate. As near as I could understand through the interpreter I was sentenced to eight days in the penitentiary cheese, and at the end of that time, with other prisoners, I was taken by the police to Hoogstraeten, put in prison clothes, and on prison fare and put to work on a farm, under heavy guard, being promised wages which about equalled one Canadian dollar per year. I was given to understand that I was simply being held there until it could be arranged for me to get back to Canada. On May 3rd, I had become tired of this however, and with a Czecho-Slovak fellow prisoner, made my escape while working in the fields and ran for the border of Holland, which we reached at seven o'clock in the evening.

"There we found border police on patrol and to escape them had to swim a river. After reaching Dutch soil we travelled ten kilometers and came to a town, where we were immediately arrested. We were returned to Belgium, but not handed over to the police, and managed to make our way back into Holland again. We reached the town of Dorp and were again arrested and returned across the Belgian border. Again we crossed to Holland, this time reaching the border on our hands and knees at night, and hoping to cross Holland to Germany. We got within thirty kilometers of that country when we were again caught and taken befre the Burgomaster at Barnastadt. He took n interest in our story, provided us with boots and socks, both of which we were without, and finally sent us to Cologne. There I went to the British Consul, who, after a lengthy interview, gave me train-fare as far as Hamboure. There I visited another consular official who said : "Well, you appear to have walked all across Belgium, I would suggest you walk back again."

"I then went to the city police, who gave me a passport allowing me to stay in the city six days, and advising the Consul that he must get me out of Germany within that period. At the end of five days I was called and told I was to be piaced aboard a British ship sailing for Canada. When I got on the boat I found she was sailing to North Shields, England, thence to Buenos Aires and then back to Hambourg. In spite of the captain's threat to put me in irons for attempting desertion, I managed to escape from the ship at North Shields broke—and by subsisting on bread and cheese, tramped my way to London, 280 miles, in two weeks. At the end of that walk I was again arrested by London police and sent to a workhouse, where the condition of my feet and legs was such that a doctor put me to bed for a week before I was allowed to visit Canada House.

"When I nally reached Canada House I was told that nothing could be done for me. I finally got them to cable to my people, but at the end of a week, as no cold there was no reply to the cable. Another week later I was taken with diphtheria and consetilis and sent to a hospital for two weeks and then back to the workhouse to recuperate. When I returned to Canada House I found a cable waiting which established my identity, but I was informed that there we no funds to take care of stranded seamen, and they could not help me. One of the secretaries did, however, give me two shillings to keep me going until there was a reply to a cable they had sent asking Ottawa to repatriate me. I was still in part of the rags of prison clothing I had worn when escaping from Hoogstraeten, and I was moved from the workhouse to another place. After three days, Ottawa cabled that I was to be repatriated and the High Commissioner's office then provided me with a pair of pants and jacket, second hand, and informed me that I was to be returned to Canada on a passenger ship. An ex-Canadian soldier, who was staying at the same place, gave me shoes, socks and a shirt, and later I learned that I was to return to Canada on the S. S. Ausonia, under the Immigration Act and that I would be expected to refund the passage money.

"On July 23rd I embarked on the Ausonia at Southampton and arrived at Quebec on July 31st, here I was met by R. B. Maxwell, of the Colonization Department, Canadian National Railways, who fixed me up at the Salvation Army hostel for the night, and next morning, with others in the office, provided enough funds to buy my food and bring me to Montreal, with a letter to E. J. Sauve, of the Colonization Department at Lacolle, Que.—and I'm going there on the first train, for it looks like a mighty good chance for re-establish myself after the kicking around I have had since December 10th last.

"And my case is not a solitary one. In the prison at Hoogstraeten there were three Canadians, with birth certificates and discharges, all held because they have not proper passports and unable to secure help from the British Consul, as I was. It is for them that I want to bring the matter to the attention of Canadians, rather than myself—for my troubles are over, I'm back in Canada and I've got a job."

"A DOGGY TALE."

A number of dog fanciers were discussing the sagacity of various breeds, each man trying, apparently, to substantiate the superior intelligence of that particular breed, one of which he was the owner. One of the group owned one lone Airedale, male, about three years old. The dog was not known in the ring, although registered in the Canadian Kennel Club. He was his master's pal and the household guard.

His owner listened to the claims of the various enthusiasts, and finally broke out: "Well, you fellows, you may have wise enough dogs, but my old Airedale always bows his head when I say grace at meals."

The story is a true one, but the query is, "Did the owner ever say grace at his meals?"—Ami De Chen.

Longed for One.

Lord Lee of Fareham tells a story characteristic of Lord Balfour, who, he remarked, showed great physical endurance in connection with his work during the war. He recollected a night when he was with Lord Balfour on a boat off Dover, going to France. They were given to believe they were in peril of submarines, and after some hours of tossing and woe somebody said to Lord Balfour, "I hope you are not anxious about the submarines!" Lord Balfour replied, "Anxious! I simply long for one."

Coal Fields In Newfoundland.

In a report made to the Newfoundland Government, Dr. H. Bauer, Government geologist, announced the discovery of valuable coal fields in the St. George's district, following his examination of the boring operations being conducted by the St. George's Coal Fields, Limited. He strongly recommends reserving the whole of the area which he believes, contains valuable coal deposits.

Sheep-Raising Industry for B.C.

A movement is on foot for the developing of a large sheep-raising industry in the territory about thirty miles south of Invermere, B.C., contiguous to Findlay Creek and Canal Flat. A wide-open, undisturbed range lies in that part, which since the cattle industry has flagged, has rarely been occupied except by wild horses common to that part.

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HISTORIC LOCOMOTIVES.

A Central Railway Museum Is to Be Established at York, England.

There are 24,000 steam locomotives on the railways of Great Britain, says a writer in Tit-Bits, and a serious attempt is being made to preserve at a central railway museum at York examples of famous engines that have made history in the Old Country.

A recent acquisition to the collection is the last survivor of the single 8 feet 2 inches driving wheel express locomotives, which were used for the finest and fastest trains in the closing years of the last century. This engine is known as "Stirling No. 1," and is one of fifty-three locomotives that were responsible for some notable runs in the eighties and nineties, when they took part in the races to Scotland by the East and West Coast routes.

Another historic locomotive marked down for preservation is the first of the famous 1463 "Tennant" class, which are unique as having been constructed to the order of a general manager who was at the time without a locomotive superintendent. There are twenty of these locomotives, many of which also took a leading part in the railway races to Scotland in 1895.

Arrangements have also been made for the famous "Gladstone" engine of the Brighton line to be preserved in the same museum. This locomotive was first of a class of thirty-six, built in 1882, and it is being restored to its original condition and replainted in the distinctive yellow color adopted by its designer, William Stroudley.

Perhaps the proudest possession in the collection at present is the Rston Colliery locomotive which was built by George Stephenson in 1822, and is thus older than "Locomotive No. 1" of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and older, too, than the well-known "Rocket" engine which at Liverpool in 1830 proved that the steam locomotive engine was a practical possibility by attaining the then remarkable speed of thirty miles an hour.

A HUNGARIAN PIONEER.

Helped to Lay Foundation of Western Colony.

An old Hungarian woman made one of the congregation at a Hungarian church which we attended one Sunday morning last summer at a point called Cana in Northern Saskatchewan, says a writer in the Toronto Star Weekly.

The stern stuff of the pioneer stands out all over her. With her book and her large rosary, her severe dress and handkerchief headcovering she stood for "The Nun of Nirriranga." All the way from the fields of far-off Hungary she came, to help plant a settlement in what was then a western wilderness. She cannot speak English. She never had the opportunity to learn. But she knew a language more practical than words, the art of hewing, hoeing and sowing.

The older women were very considerate of this grandmother who had laid the foundations of the colony. She was timid of the camera at first. But they calmed her fears, and urged her to have her picture taken, laughing pleasantly and translating her comments from the Hungarian to us and the young people, many of whom speak English so well that Hungarian is a foreign language to them. Underneath the somewhat stiff pose, shown in the firm shoulders, the grasp of her book with both hands, there is to be seen a shrewd glance in her keen eyes indicative of interest in the machine and a flutter of adventure in having her picture taken for the first time. When the ordeal was over she climbed into a wagon and behind a span of horses drove off over the prairie miles to her home.

Air Hunt for Minerals.

Airplanes and seaplanes are being employed in a three-year geological survey of Saskatchewan. It is known that the province, particularly to the north, contains vast undeveloped mineral wealth, and research will be concentrated upon that region. The machines draw supplies of gasoline and oil from convenient centres, and the airmen, as a preliminary, make maps of little known or unknown territory. These maps are handed over to geologists, working in consultation with the airmen, and in turn the geologists are followed by expert prospectors. When the work is completed, the authorities will, for the first time, be in possession of authentic maps of Saskatchewan's northernmost reaches.

Sugar From Sawdust.

Most people have heard of the process of obtaining sugar from beetroots, but in Sweden sugar is being obtained from sawdust. From sixty-five to seventy per cent. of the sawdust by weight can be converted into sugar.

Forestry is one of the dominating industries of Sweden, while sugar is mostly imported. Consequently, the method is of very great importance. Several hundred thousand tons of "wood sugar" can be produced annually from easily accessible raw material.

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Is Growing Her Own Requirements of Wheat.

Between Uganda and the Indian Ocean, Eastern Africa, is the British Colony of Kenya, of which 4,500,000 acres were under occupation in 1925, which is equal to one-fourth the area of the Canadian Province of New Brunswick. Of this occupied area nearly half a million acres were under cultivation. Forty per cent. of this area was in maize, 16 per cent. in coffee, 13 per cent. in sisal, and 6 per cent. in wheat. It will be interesting for Canadians to learn that Kenya is growing her own requirements of wheat, of a quality equal to No. 1 Northern, practically upon the Equator, at altitudes between 4,000 and 8,000 feet. Both coffee and sisal appear to be lucrative in this colony, while the maize farmers are given an advantageous export rate by the Government-owned Uganda railway. There is likewise a small and highly protected sugar industry.

In addition to primary agricultural production, the beginnings of secondary industries must be noted. There are bacon factories which supply the colony's needs, and butter and cheese factories as well. There are flour and meal mills. From time immemorial the native population of Kenya have been cattle-breeders, and their herds at present number several million head. There are several native breeds of cattle which cross with European stock to produce valuable beef animals, and an export outlet for this industry will become essential before very long.

Kenya is probably the only territory in the sub-continent which has accessible forests of commercial value. For centuries mangrove poles and logs from the coastal belt have been the return cargo for the dhows from the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, which come down laden with rice, tiles, rugs, and dates, just before the monsoon. Inland in the Kilimanjaro area, and further up-on the Kenya Highlands, there are large stands of merchantable timber, and both hard and soft woods, constituting a valuable natural asset.

With the exception of the famous soda lake at Magadi, the mineral resources of Kenya appear to be negligible. It seems possible, however, that gold may be discovered in her western provinces.

RUG-MAKERS OF THE EAST.

Softness and a Wonder In Their Color Shades.

It is in Far Eastern countries that the finest of hand-made rugs have at all times been made; and the great secret of these Easters workers has been their ways of getting their colors from natural sources, writes E. C. Murray. There is a softness and a wonder in their shades that we of Western countries, with all that modern science and learning brings us, have not produced. But it is a happy thing for us to know that the methods used by the Eastern dyers are ones which we can find out and can use. And in the finding out, we come upon nothing complicated; on the contrary, it is almost startling to learn the simpleness of their methods.

There were many places in the East long ago, where one well-known way of securing dyes was to make a hole in the bed of a stream during the dry season, and when the rainy season came, to put in all kinds of flowers and vegetables, and leave them till the dry season came around again. Taken out and all ground up together, the resulting shades were some that are still a delight to look upon.

There is a feeling of magic for us in the knowledge that we can take from a flower its color, and put it into our own work; this magic, all of us who work with natural dyes may feel, and it makes our work a continual delight. In tapestries made at the present day, always the same dyes are used as were in use 200 years ago; then, as now, roots and bark, berries and blossoms that grew within the reach of the dyer, gave their endless supply of color. It is in rug making especially that the dyes used can either make or mar the finished product; they can make it a thing of both comfort and delight to pass on from one generation to another; or they can mar it so that it is a covering for the floor and nothing else. A rug colored with natural dyes will not spoil with age; its colors remain unchanged, or else they soften to mellow shades of the original tint.

It would be a lovely thing if we in our country, by out own thought and work, put into our rugs colors which will prove to be a lasting pleasure. There was a time when in Eastern countries if a daughter of the house finished a rug, the neighbors came in to see it, and admire it and to congratulate her. Through the whole of life the people gave their rugs places of dignity; whether it was to make the home lovely, to adorn their places of work, or to place over the last resting place of a friend, as a token of respect and affection.

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The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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"I knew that as soon as I saw that my cousin Mayenne was not angry. When I told what I had done and he smiled at me and said I should have my gloves, why, then I thought my heart would stop beating. I saw what I had accomplished—mon Dieu, I was sick with repentance of it!"

"I had to tell her I had not thought it.

"No," she answered; "I had got you into this by my foolishness; I must needs try to get you out by my wits. Brie, the one who took you by the throat—there has been bad blood between him and your lord this twelvemonth; only last May M. le Comte ran him through the wrist. Had I interfered for you," she said, coloring a little, "M. de Brie would have inferred interest in the master from that in the man, and he had seen to your beating himself."

It suddenly dawned on me that this M. de Brie was the "little cheese" of guard-room gossip. And I thought that the gentleman would hardly display so much venom against M. Etienne unless he were a serious obstacle to his hopes. Nor would mademoiselle be here at midnight, weeping over a serving lad, if she cared nothing for the master. If she had not worn her heart on her sleeve before the laughing sallon mayhap she would show it to me.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "when the billet was brought him M. Etienne rose from his bed at once to come. But he was faint from fatigue and loss of blood; he could not walk across the room. But he bade me try to make mademoiselle believe his absence was no fault of his. He wrote her a month ago; he found to-day the letter was never delivered."

"Is he hurt dangerously?"

"No." I admitted reluctantly; "no I think not. He was wounded in the right forearm and again pinked in the shoulder; but he will recover."

"You said," she went on, the tears standing in her eyes, "that he was penniless. I have not much, but what I have is freely his."

She advanced upon me, holding out her silken purse which she had taken from her bosom; but I retreated.

"No, no, mademoiselle," I cried, ashamed of my hot words; "we are not penniless—or if we are we get on very well sans le sou. They do everything for monsieur at the Trois Lanternes, and he has only to return to the Hotel St. Quentin to get all the gold pieces he can spend. Oh, no; we are in no want, mademoiselle. I was angry when I said it; I did not mean it. I cry mademoiselle's pardon."

She looked at me a little hesitating ly.

"You are telling me true?"

"Why, yes, mademoiselle; if monsieur needed money, indeed, indeed, I would not refuse it."

"Then if you cannot take it for him you can take it for yourself. It will be strange if in all Paris you cannot find something you like as a token from me." With her own white fingers she slipped some tinkling coins into my pouch and cut short my thanks with the little wailing cry:

"Oh, your poor, bound hands! I have my poniard in my dress. I could free them in a second. But if they knew I had been here with you they never will let you go."

"If mademoiselle is running into danger staying here I pray her to go back to bed. M. Etienne did not send me hither to bring her grief and trouble."

"Who are you?" she asked me abruptly. "You have never been here before on monsieur's errands?"

"No, mademoiselle; I came up only yesterday from Picardie. I belong on the St. Quentin estate. My name is Felix Breux."

"Alack, you have chosen a bad time to visit Paris!"

"I came up to see life," I said, "and monsieur! I am seeing it."

"I pray God you may not see death too," she answered soberly.

She stood looking at me helplessly. "I am in my lord's black books," she said slowly as if to herself; "but I might ween Francois de Brie's rough heart to softness. Then it is a question whether he could turn Mayenne. I wish I knew whether the duke himself or only Paul de Lorraine has planned this move to-night. That is," she added, blushing, but speaking out candidly, "whether they attack M. de Marsac at the Louvre's enemy or as my lover."

"This M. Paul de Lorraine," said I speaking as respectfully as I knew how, but eager to find out all I could for M. Etienne—"this M. de Lorraine is mademoiselle's lover too?"

She shrugged her shoulders, neither assenting nor denying. "We are all pawns in the game for M. de Mayenne to push about as he chooses. For a time M. de Mar was high in his favor. Then my cousin Paul came back after a two years' disappearance, and straightway he was up and M. de Mar was down. And then Paul vanished again as suddenly as he had come, and it became the turn of M. de Brie. Now to-night Paul walked in as suddenly as he had left and at once played on me to write that unlucky letter. And what it bodes for him I know not.

She spoke with amazing frankness; yet, much as she had told me, the fact of her telling it told me even more. I saw that she was as lonely in this great house as I had been at St. Quentin. She would have talked delightedly to M. le Comte's dog.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would like well to tell you what has been happening to my M. Etienne this last month if you are not afraid to stay long enough to hear it."

"Oh, every one is asleep long ago; it is past 2 o'clock. Yes, you may tell me if you wish."

She sat down on a praying cushion, motioning me to the other, and I began my tale. At first she listened with a little air of scorn, as if the whole were of slight consequence and she really did not care at all what M. le Comte had been about these five weeks. But as I got into the affair of the Rue Coupejarrets she forgot her indifference and leaned forward with burning cheeks, hanging on my words with eager questions. And when I told her how Lucas had evaded us in the darkness she cried:

"Blessed Virgin! M. de Mar has enough to contend with in this Lucas without Paul de Lorraine and Brie and the Duke of Mayenne himself."

I was silent, being of her opinion. Presently she asked reluctantly:

"Does your master think this Lucas a tool of M. de Mayenne's?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. He says secretaries do not plot against dukedoms for their own pleasure."

"Assassination was not wont to be my cousin Mayenne's way," she said with an accent of confidence that rang as false as a counterfeit coin. I saw well enough that mademoiselle did fear at least Mayenne's guilt. I thought I might tell her a little more.

"M. le Comte told me that since his father's coming to Paris M. de Mayenne made him offers to join the League, and he refused them. So then M. de Mayenne, seeing himself losing the whole house of St. Quentin, invented this."

"But it failed. Thank God, it failed! And now he will leave Paris. He will—he must!"

"He did mean to seek Navarre's camp to-morrow," I answered; "but—"

"But what?"

"But then the letter came."

"But that makes no difference! He must go for all that. The time is over for trimming. He must stand on one side or the other. I am a Ligueuse born and bred, and I tell him to go to King Henry. It is his father's side; it is his side. He cannot stay in Paris another day."

"I do not think he will go, mademoiselle."

"But he must!" she cried with vehemence. "Paris is not safe for him. If he cannot stand for his wound he must go. I will send him a letter myself to tell him he must."

"Then he will never go."

"Fellah!"

"He will not. He was going because he thought his lady flouted him; when he finds she does not—well, if he budges a step out of Paris I do not know him. When he thought himself despised—"

"And why did I turn his suit into laughter in the salon if I did not mean that I despised him? I did it for you to tell him how I made a mock of him, that he might hate me and keep away from me."

"Oh," I said, "mademoiselle is beyond me; I cannot keep up with her."

"And you believed it! But you must needs spoil all by flaring out with impudent speech."

"I crave mademoiselle's pardon. I was wrong and insolent. But she played too well."

"And if it was not play?" she cried, rising. "If I do—well, I will not say despise him—but care nothing for him? Will he then go to St. Denis? Then tell him from me that he has my pity as one cruelly cozened, and my esteem as a one-time servant of mine, but never my love. Tell him I would willingly save him alive for the sake of the love he once bore me. But as for any answering love in my bosom I have not one spark. Tell him to go find a new mistress at St. Denis. He might as well cry for the moon as seek to win Lorance de Montluc."

"That may be true," I said; "but all the same he will cry. Can mademoiselle suppose he will go out of Paris now and leave her to marry Brie and Lorraine?"

"Only one," she protested with the shadow of a smile; and then a sudden rush of tears blinded her. "I am a very miserable girl," she said woefully, "for I bring nothing but danger to those that love me."

I dropped on my knees before her and kissed the hem of her dress.

"Ah, Felix," she said, "if you really pitied me you would get him out of Paris!" And she fell to weeping as if her heart would break.

I had no skill to comfort her. Fhant my head before her, silent. At length she sobbed out:

"It boots little for us to quarrel over what you shall say to M. de Mar when we know not that you will ever speak to him again. And it was all my fault."

"Mademoiselle, it was the fault of my hasty tongue."

But she shook her head.

"I maintained that to you, but it was not true. Mayenne had something in his mind before. A general holds his schemes so dear and loves so close. But I will do my utmost, Felix, lad. It is not long to daylight now. I will go to Francois de Brie and well believe I shall prevail."

She took up her candle and said good night to me very gently and quietly and gave me her hand to kiss. She opened the door—with my fettered wrists I could not do the office for her—and on the threshold turned to smile on me, ruefully, hopefully. In the next second, with a gasp that was half a cry, she blew out the light and pushed the door shut again.

CHAPTER XV.

I knew she was shutting the door by the click of the latch; in the next second I made the discovery that she was still on my side of it. "What"—I was beginning, when she laid her hand over my mouth. A line of light showed through the crack. She had not quite closed the door on account of the noise of the latch. She tried again; again it rattled and she desisted. I

(Continued on page 5).

I Was Waked by a Light in My Face.

-!!*:X-:?!?!

FOR six blocks the driver of the car had tried to pass the boy on the bike. Every time the road seemed clear of jaywalkers, street cars and brick wagons, the boy, by design or accident, swerved across the motor car's path.

Finally there was an opening.

The driver "stepped on it" . . . . And just then the boy decided to cross the street—in front of him. Then it happened.

Life seems to be a perpetual race between education and disaster.

Probably by the time cyclists and pedestrians have learned how to co-operate with drivers of motor cars, we shall find ourselves in the middle of the aeroplane era, with a brand new set of problems.

But meanwhile . . . . you boys who ride bicycles, won't you try to make the highways safer, won't you try to ride in a straight line, use your hand to signal when you're going to stop or turn, and carry a tail light at night? Atta Boy!

32

HERE YOU CAN BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

Above all - we are for Safety!

The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LIMITED

Pa's Son-in-Law

I'D JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHAT WOMAN'S, SO SUBTLY-SCENTED HANDKERCHIEF THIS IS, THAT I FOUND IN PA'S POCKET! AND-ER-I'D ALSO LIKE TO KNOW JUST HOW IT GOT THERE!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW — THE
I SAY MOTHAW, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A FRIEND OF SONYA SNUGGLES, THE GREAT HOME ENTREES!
WHO? SONYA SNUGGLES? I'M NOT! I NEVER HEARD OF HER!
OT THICKENS — BY WELL
EH? BUT—YOUAH USING HER INDIVIDUAL PAWFUME! HOW DID YOU GET IT? IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THAT SCENT IS MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOAH HER AND THAT NOT EVEN HER VERY CLOSEST FRIENDS HAVE EVAW BEEN PAYAWED WITH A DROP OF IT!
SOMETHING DIFFERENT A PERFUME TO BLEND WITH A HANDKERCHIEF SCENTED WITH CLAIRETTE? WELL, I GUESS HAS EVAW GOTTEN MOAH THAN A WHIFF OF IT!

HOUSE PAINTING

This is the season for painting your buildings, and thereby improving their appearance and protecting them from decay.

We carry the best in

White Lead and Boiled Oils

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Martin Senour's 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes.

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Cheese Board.

1400 cheese were offered for sale at the Napanee Board on Saturday. All sold at 18 5-16c.

For Fair Week.

Don't forget to stop at Steacy's and see Weston's Demonstration Package of English Quality Bib suits. These are one pound net and retail at 35c. or three for $1.00.

STEACY'S.

The Jury's Verdict.

The jury empanelled to enquire into the death of Mrs. Alida Meeks, which occurred in an auto accident on Friday, August 12th, concluded their work on Friday evening by bringing in a verdict to the effect that no blame attached to anyone and that the driver of the car, Mr. Boyce, did everything possible to prevent the accident.

Odessa Wins.

The first game between Odessa, winners of the Lennox and Addington League and Sydenham, winners of the Frontenac League in the intermediate O.B.A.A. playoffs, was played at Sydenham on Saturday afternoon, when the visiting team pulled out a win over the Sydenhamites by the score of 6-5. The game was featured by good fielding on the part of both teams and Sydenham's four-run rally in the ninth inning, fell one run short of tieing up the count. V. Kilgannon on the mound for Odessa held the Sydenham team in the hollow of his hand for the greater part of the game and got almost perfect support, and particularly with men on the paths, he was invincible.

Cut This Out.

Do you intend to visit the Toronto Exhibition? If so, make sure that you will have a place to go to. There will be an enormous crowd this year on account of the $50,000 swimming contest, the presence of the Prince of Wales, etc. The hotels are already filled and booked to overflowing, and private homes will everywhere be busy. Why not help us to help out—Drive your car to **35 Dunn Avenue**, the third house from corner **Lake Shore Blvd. and Dunn Avenue**, and bring the lake and only 3 minutes walk from the Western entrance. The people there will make room for you or will recommend you to respectable homes near-by. Don't get confused by the shouting of boys and men trying to take your car to places, you would not care to stop in.—A Friend. 39-ap

Lessard—Stone.

A very pretty wedding of unusual interest took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stone, Flinton, on Monday, August 8th, at 10.30 a.m., when their only daughter, Olive Kathleen, became the bride of Wilfrid A. Lessard, son of Mrs. Lessard and the late Moses Lessard. Rev. I. W. Wakeware, pastor of Flinton United Church, conducted the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of peach georgette trimmed with white, and carried a bouquet of sweet peas, baby breath and maiden hair fern. The bride and groom stood under an arch of flowers, ferns and wedding bells. They were unattended. Mrs. Stone, mother of the bride, played very softly the wedding march. After the ceremony a dainty and bountiful dinner was served in the dining room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bride received many handsome and useful gifts, among them being a substantial cheque from her father. The happy couple left on the afternoon train amid a shower of rice and confetti for Toronto, Niagara Falls and other points West. The bride's going-away costume consisted of ashes of roses flat crepe, black satin coat trimmed with white tibetine fur, and white ribbon hat. On their return they will reside in Flinton. Their many frinds join in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Portland Cement.

Also lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by Rev. F. O. Totton.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Sale of Household Goods.

A private sale of household goods at FRED HOSEY'S, Bridge Street. 39-bp

New Sign Erected.

On Monday a beautiful new sign was erected on the front of the building occupied by the Canadian Department Stores, Limited, successors to the Robinson Co. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship and adds considerably to the appearance of the front of the store.

Softball Play-off.

A decidedly interesting game of softball will be played here at Riverdale Park on Wednesday, August 31st, between the Kingston Treasures, champions of Kingston City League, and the Napanee Leafs, champions of the Bay of Quinte League. This will be the first round of the play-off for the Ontario Championship.

Two Cars Collide.

L. H. Millard, of Kingston, was implicated in an automobile accident on the provincial highway about four miles west of Napanee Friday evening. The car he was driving collided almost head-on with a car driven by a Mr. Duncan, of Buffalo, N.Y. Both cars were more or less damaged and are now in the custody of the traffic officer at Napanee. Fortunately none of the occupants of either car was hurt.

Golf.

Napanee entertained the Picton Golf Club last week, when a team of twenty-two from that Club came over on Wednesday. The individual plays resulted as follows:

Napanee.	
W. VanDusen	1
W. J. Wiggins	0
Kenneth Ham	0
R. W. Huffman	½
W. G. Smith	0
Harry Scott	0
L. H. Douglas	0
T. B. German	0
A. B. Z. White	0
J. W. Robinson	0
C. I. Maybee	1
B. Allan Ham	0
Dr. Galbraith	0
Dr. McLaughlin	½
Dr. Hall	0
Dr. Wilson	0
R. G. Gilbride	1
M. A. Daly	1
H. Wade Infoe	0
Dr. Beattie	0
B. H. Siddall	1
	12

Picton.	
Croft	0
Healy	0
Dr. G. Allison	0
Carter	0
Branscombe	½
Colliver	1
Wright	0
Dr. Knight	0
Reive	0
Rattray	0
Col. Adams	0
Bolton	0
Tully	0
Knight	0
Col. French	½
Cainan	1
Minaker	1
Leavitt	0
Vandewater	0
Fraser	0
Dr. Slack	1
Bristol	0
	10

After the game the visitors were entertained to dinner at the Paisley House, when Mr. H. B. Bristol spoke for the Picton Club on the intercourse of friendly games which has been going on between our Club and theirs ever since golf has been played in the district and before that in days when men from the two towns met in the cricket games.

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Melody Kings

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PURCHASING commodities by paying "a dollar down and a dollar a week" has grown into great popularity. Often the object purchased is worn out before it is paid for, and the purchaser continues to pay. Buy yourself a fortune on the installment plan by placing regular installments of your earnings in a Standard Bank savings account. The money is always available for use if required and there is no depreciation, but accruing interest as the time goes on.

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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church: Union service 10 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.
Gretna Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

Car Put in Ditch.

On Wednesday, what might have been a serious accident occurred in front of the home of Arthur VanSlyck, Morven, when Mr. Bernald Oswald's car, of Odessa, was ditched by an American car. The cause of the accident was evidently misjudging distance, as three cars were abreast at the time. The American car, travelling in the oppsite direction, caught the front wheel of the Ford, but luckily no one was injured, although the front of the Ford was slightly damaged. Both parties being somewhat to blame, shared the damages and were able to proceed without assistance.

A PIONEER OF IDEALS

Mrs. Thomas Organized Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan.

A pioneering mind and a sense of direction has been attributed to Mrs. Lilian Thomas of Winnipeg who has been recently awarded the $1,000 prize in a settlers' story contest in which nearly a thousand manuscripts were submitted from all parts of Canada.

It is true that Mrs. Thomas is a pioneer. It is also true that she was born that way for her Irish grandparents put their first home out of the Ontario forest near Toronto and her own parents pioneered in Manitoba in the early days in that province. She has herself made several trails and pioneered in the realm of ideas and ideals.

It was she who organized the first Homemakers' Club in Saskatchewan, she who was one of the first women members of the board of Manitoba Agricultural College, one of the early members of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and she who had the most effective organizing brain behind the women suffrage campaign in Manitoba.

While still a young girl Miss Beynon made up her mind that she would take college education as she was dissatisfied with the part that women played in rural life particularly, and in life generally unless they were equipped to meet and, if necessary, change their environment adequately.

In order to put herself through she taught while working her way through Wesley College, Manitoba University. On graduation she went at once on the staff of a Winnipeg paper and under the pen name of "Lillian Laurie" very soon became widely known throughout the prairie provinces.

Those who knew Mrs. Thomas in the days of the intensive suffrage campaign in Manitoba, in which she was associated with Nellie McClung, Mary E. Crawford and other able women all testify to the fact that she is unexcelled as an executive because of her unusual ability to call forth the latent powers in her associates, her quiet reasonableness of mental attitude, her understanding of the limitations of both men and women, her somewhat stern sense of justice and her possession of a humorous, kindly attitude toward life and all its vicissitudes.

In 1917 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved to New York, where both of them took up newspaper work. Mrs. Thomas became editor of The Lookout, the official magazine of the Seamen's Institute, and the "hostess" in this interesting organization. There they spent four years.

Five years ago they returned to Winnipeg, where Mr. Thomas resumed his journalistic work and Mrs. Thomas undertook to conduct classes in the technique of the short story, an undertaking in which she has met with a considerable amount of encouraging experience.

A Living Fish-Trap.

There are many strange and evil creatures living in the sea that people never hear about because they never see them. One of the strangest is the "fan-shell," of which a fine specimen, nearly two feet long, has just arrived at the London Zoo from Madeira.

This creature, says Tit-Bits, which in some wonderful manner can snap its two halves together in a flash to entrap any wandering fish, has been richly described as a highly-organized murder machine.

The specimen at the Zoo is a particularly evil creature, for it has turned some marine worms to make their tiny lime-built houses on the rim of its shell. The worms wriggle about and attract other fish. As the fish endeavor to find a way of getting at the worms, they come just inside the "fan-shell's" jaws—and all is over. The trap will take a fish six inches long.

World's Wonder Clock.

The world's wonder clock, or which artists, sculptors, and goldsmiths have been busily engaged since 1911, has just been completed and stands in the Hohe Market, Vienna.

It abounds with unique features, the most striking being twelve historical figures, each six feet high, and made of wrought copper, which appear individually on the first stroke of the hour.

Each figure parades to the accompaniment of music for sixty minutes. It is then followed by another, and so on.

Among the characters represented are Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher, and Joseph Haydn, the composer. The latter appears to a passage from his masterpiece, the "Creation."

A Marriage Test.

A prospective native bridegroom in Madagascar must stand before a spearman who throws a three-pointed shaft at him. He must show no fear, and must catch the weapon between his arm and his side.

TRINITY AND ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCHES

United services for next Sunday will be held in Trinity United Church and will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Jull, of Brooklin, Ont.

FRENCH OLD KING COLE

YVETOT HAS KNOWN DISTINCTION IN THE PAST.

Titular King Held Himself Proudly Free From Homage to the King of France — Reputation Hangs on a Song.

The once important office of subprefect is gradually being abolished throughout France. Already the position has been declared vacant in considerably over a hundred towns, among them is Yvetot in Normandy.

Yvetot, once a place of importance, now is but a shadow of departed glory, for Yvetot has known distinction in the past, and privileged of a very peculiar kind. Memories are still rife there of the titular kings of Yvetot, who fought the English and the infidel and held themselves proudly free from homage to the kings of France, writes Rose Lee in the New York Times.

The markets of Yvetot were prosperous and rolled, being immune from taxes to the French monarch. In the fifteenth century, merchants came all the way from Spain and Castile to exchange their wares for the woollen and cotton cloths of Yvetot.

To-day, however, Yvetot is a sleepy, republican town of some 7,000 inhabitants, conspicuous only for its dairy products and its traditions. It has been ruled by kings, and now is not important enough to justify even a sub-prefecture.

Outside the limits of the town, its chivalric history is commonly forgotten. Tourists boarding the boat-trains at Havre, pass by on their way to Paris and never notice Yvetot, while throughout France every adult and every schoolchild smiles at the once-proud name, associating it with the "jolly little King of Yvetot" of the Old King Cole of France.

Yvetot to-day is a place whose reputation hangs upon a song, the witty and light-hearted song of Bernanger, whose charm is not at all impaired by the fact that it was intended as satire upon the current Bourbon of the day. It celebrates a monarch whose happiness was the only matched by his good humor; a paragon of the Bohemian virtues, as far removed from the reactionary Charles X. as from the courtier kings of medieval Yvetot:

There flourished once a potentate,
Whom history doesn't name;
He rose at ten, retired at eight,
And money had no charms to fame.
A weightcap for his crown he wore,
A simple cotton thing,
Which Jeanneton to his bedside bore,
This jolly little king.
Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This jolly little king!

From all signs, this king was a practical philosopher who made the most of life. He was free from self-importance, that costly vice of rulers, and wasted no coin in keeping up appearances. He reviewed went for solid benefits, not for show; his appetite verged on the heroic.

The new eggs and moist cheeses, and the excellent plump fowl, which still stack the stalls on market days in Yvetot, could have suffered for the royal table. The king banquetted four times a day and dispensed with cavalcades:

No cumbrous state his steps would clog,
Pest on the winds he'd flung;
His only escort was his dog,
This jolly little king.

Mounted upon a jackass, he would ride through the parishes of Yvetot, Saint Clair-sur-le-Mont and Saint Marie-aux-Champs, which formed his little kingdom. And peasant girls in wooden shoes and high Norman bonnets would run to the roadside to call out their respects. Maybe he would ride on to the agricultural, majestically slow and fat, his cotton nightcap brushing the long-flung apple boughs, his hand outstretched to receive the rapid tribute of his subjects:

He only owned to one excess—
He doted on his glass;
But when a king gives happiness,
His way of life will pass.

There is, of course, the Gallic touch which distinguishes the king of Yvetot from his Teutonic brother, Old King Cole. But so far as posterity is concerned, the two kings are brothers, born of the same gay time. They are fantastic and immortal. They spring from a common impulse to exalt the hearty vagabond; the man who had wit enough to devote himself to the good things of living, and make no embarrassing demands upon the world.

It is precisely this truth that the figure is more widely appreciated in retrospect than in the flesh. When the character of good-humored wastrel is applied to a living man, he is apt to regard it as libel. Charles X. was certainly sensitive on this point. Supposing himself to have been the immediate inspiration of the song, he set his political police upon the impudent author. "The King of Yvetot" was one of the chief grounds for the suppression of that volume of Beranger's songs in which it appeared.

Now, a century later, the hymn to the King of Yvetot has lost its power to insult. If its appeal had been purely political, it would have passed away like a mere pamphlet verse. Instead, it possesses the quality of popular art, and has taken its place among the enduring folksongs of France.

Like honest art the world over, it has outlasted life. It lingers on the lips of Frenchmen when the name of Charles X. has become immaterial. It has enveloped the little town of Yvetot in a Bacchic legend, and has obscured those historical facts of Yvetot to which are nearly akin to fiction.

Bug Death!

Arsenate of Lead, Arsenate of Lime, death to the bug, food for the vine.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS-TIERNEY LIMITED
FULL LINE OF MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

NATURE CALLS A HALT.

Athletes Are Now Near the Human Speed-Limit.

New records in both motoring and flying have been set up recently, but perhaps even more people are interested in the endeavors of our athletes to break existing records for speed on the cinder-track, says a writer in Answers.

Prof. Hill, the well-known English authority of track athletics, and winner of the Nobel medical prize in 1922, has just perfected a method of measuring the characteristics of an athlete in the expenditure of energy.

His researches, based on a study of the effect of violent failure, in conjunction with an ingenious timing method, prove that, in some of the shorter running events, our best athletes have come so near to the human speed-limit that future record-breaking is likely to be in hundredths, rather than in fifths or tenths of a second.

In order to run 100 yards in record time, the professor has found that a sprinter must perform work equal to that of lifting himself 200 feet off the ground, while in covering 100 yards in ten seconds, nine horse-power of energy is used.

When travelling at a high speed, the runner must pay a tremendous price in energy for even a slight increase in speed. Even when concerned at this rate is being made, most of the mechanical energy developed by the muscles is absorbed by internal friction. Only a very small proportion of it is available to move the body forward.

It is improbable that athletes of the future, unaided by mechanical devices, will be able to beat the records now in existence. Once a sprinter has attained his right speed, the remaining distance he has to run is so short that it is almost impossible for him to increase his pace to any extent, and the strain on muscle and tendon at the speeds now reached is so enormous that any further increase would mean total physical exhaustion, possibly ending in death.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

H. J. Brown, director of "THE LAND BEYOND THE LAW," the First National Western feature, starring Ken Maynard.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Only extras with actual railroad experience were used, as porters and waiters in "A LITTLE JOURNEY," the Robert Z. Leonard production. Practically the whole picture takes place on a transcontinental limited.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

heard her fluttered breathing and I heard something else—a rapid, heavy tread in the corridor without. Into the council-room came a man carrying a lighted taper. It was Mayenne.

Mademoiselle, with a whispered "God save us!" sank in a heap at my feet.

I bent over her to find if she had swooned, when she seized my hand in a sharp grip that told me plain as words to be quiet.

Mayenne was yawning; he had a rumpled and dishevelled look like one just roused from sleep. He crossed over to the table, lighted the three-branched candlestick standing there and seated himself with his back to us, pulling about some papers. I hardly dared glance at him for fear my eyes should draw his; the crack of our door seemed to call aloud to him to mark it, but the candle-light scarcely pierced the shadows of the long room.

More quick footsteps in the corridor. Mayenne hitched his chair about sidewise to the table and to us, facing the outer door. A tall man in black entered, saluting the general from the threshold.

"So you have come back?" spoke the duke in his even tones. It was impossible to tell whether the words were a welcome or a sentence.

"Yes," answered the other in a voice as non-committal as Mayenne's own. He shut the door after him and walked over to the table.

"And how goes it?"

"Badly."

The newcomer threw his hat aside and sat down without waiting for an invitation.

"What! Badly, strrah?" Mayenne exclaimed sharply. "You come to me with that report?"

"I do, monsieur," answered the other with cool insolence, leaning back in his chair. The light fell directly on his face and proved to me what I had guessed at his first word. The duke's night visitor was Lucas. "Yes," he repeated indifferently, "it has gone badly. In fact, your game is up."

Mayenne jumped to his feet, bringing his fist down on the table.

"You tell me this?"

Lucas regarded him with an easy smile.

"Unfortunately, monsieur, I do."

Mayenne turned on him, cursing. Lucas with the quickness of a cat sprang a yard aside, dagger unsheathed.

"Put up that knife!" shouted Mayenne.

"When you put up yours, monsieur."

"I have drawn none!"

"In your sleeve, monsieur."

"Liar!" cried Mayenne.

I know not who was lying, for I could not tell whether the blade that flashed now in the duke's hand came from his sleeve or from his belt. But if he had not drawn before he had drawn now and rushed at Lucas. He dodged and the circled round each other, wary as two matched cocks. Lucas was strictly on the defensive; Mayenne, the less agile by reason of his weight, could make no chance to strike. He drew off presently.

"I'll have your neck wrung for this," he panted.

"We are none of us gods, monsieur. You yourself lost ivry."

Mayenne backed over to his chair and seated himself, laying his knife on the table in front of him. His face smoothed out to good humor—no mean tribute to his power of self-control. For the written words can convey no notion of the maddening insolence of Lucas's bearing—an insolence so studied that it almost seemed unconscious and was thereby well-nigh impossible to silence.

"Sit down," bade the duke, "and tell me."

Lucas, standing at the foot of the table, observed:

"They turned you out of your bed, monsieur, to see me. It was unnecessary severity. My tale will keep till morning."

"By heaven, it shall not!" Mayenne shouted. "Beware how much further you dare anger me, you Satan's cub!"

He was fingering the dagger again as if he longed to plunge it into Lucas's gullet, and I rather marvelled that he did not or summon his guard to do it. For I could well understand how infuriating was Lucas. He carried himself with an air of easy equality insufferable to the first noble in the land—Mayenne's chosen role was the unmoved, the inscrutable, but Lucas beat him at his own game and drove him out into the open of passion and violence. It was a miracle to me that the man lived—unless indeed he were a prince in disguise.

"Satan's cub!" Lucas repeated, laughing. "Our late king had called me that, pardieu! But I knew not you acknowledged Satan in the family."

"I ordered Antoine to wake me if you returned in the night," Mayenne went on gruffly. "When I heard you had been here I knew something was wrong—unless the thing were done."

"It is not done. The whole plot is ruined."

"Nom de Dieu! If it is by your bungling"—

"It was not by my bungling," Lucas answered with the first touch of heat he had shown. "It was fate—and that fool Grammont."

"Explain then, and quickly, or it will be the worse for you."

Lucas sat down, the table between them.

"Look here," he said abruptly, leaning forward over the board. "Have you Mar's boy?"

"What boy?"

"A young Picard from the St. Quentin estate, whom the devil prompted to come up to town to-day. Mar sent him here to-night with a love message to Lorance."

"Oh," said Mayenne slowly, "if it is a question of mademoiselle's love affairs it may be put off till to-morrow. It is plain to the very slackers that you are jealous of Mar. But at present we are discussing l'affaire St. Quentin."

"It is all one," Lucas answered quickly. "You know what is to be the reward of my success."

"I thought you told me you had failed."

Lucas's hand moved instinctively to his belt; then he thought better of it and laid both hands, empty, on the table.

"Our plot has failed; but that does not mean that St. Quentin is immortal."

"You may be very sure of one thing, my friend," the duke observed. "I shall never give Lorance de Montluc to a white-livered flincher."

"The duke of St. Quentin is not immortal," Lucas repeated. "I have missed him once, but I shall get him in spite of all."

"I am not sure about Lorance even then," said Mayenne reflectively. "Francois de Brie is agitating himself about that young mistress. And he has not made any failures—as yet."

Lucas sprang to his feet.

"You swore to me I should have her."

"Permit me to remind you again that you have not brought me the price."

"I will bring you the price."

"E'en then," spoke Mayenne with the smile of the cat standing over the mouse—"e'en then I might change my mind."

"Then," said Lucas roundly, "there will be more than one dead duke in France."

Mayenne looked up at him as unmoved as if it were not in the power of mortal man to make him lose his temper. In stirring him to draw dagger Lucas had achieved an extraordinary triumph. Yet I somehow thought that the man who had shown hot anger was the real man; the man who sat there quiet was the party leader.

He said now, evenly:

"That is a silly way to talk to me, Paul."

"It is the truth for once," Lucas made sullen answer.

So long as he could prick and irritate Mayenne he preserved an air of unshakable composure; but when Mayenne recovered patience and himself began to prick Lucas's guard broke down. His voice rose a key, as it had done when I called him fool, and he burst out violently:

"Mort de Dieu! monsieur, what am I doing your dirty work for? For love of my affectionate uncle?"

"It might well be for that. I have been your affectionate uncle, as you say."

"My affectionate uncle, you say? My hirer, my suborner! I was a Protestant; I was bred up by the Huguenot Lucases when my father cast off my mother and me to starve. I had no love for the League or the Lorraines. I was fighting in Navarre's ranks when I was made prisoner at Ivry."

"You were spying for Navarre. It was before the fight we caught you. You had been hanged and quartered in that gray dawn had I not recognized you. After twelve years, as my brother's son, I cut the rope from you and embraced you for your father's sake. You rode forth a cornet in my army instead of dying like a felon on the gallows."

"You had your ends to serve," Lucas muttered.

"I took you into my household," Mayenne went on. "I let you bear the name of Lorraine. I did not deny you the hand of my cousin and ward, Lorance de Montluc.

"Dog! me! No, you did not. Neither did you grant it me, but put me off with lying promises. You thought then you could win back the faltering house of St. Quentin by a marriage between your cousin and the Comte de Mar. Afterward, when my brother Charles dashed into Paris and the people clamored for his marriage with the Infanta, you conceived the scheme of forcing Lorance on him. But it would not do, and again you promised her to me if I could get you certain information from the royalist army. I returned in the guise of an escaped prisoner to Henry's camp, to steal you secrets, and the moment my back was turned you listened to proposals from Mar again."

"Mar is not in the race now. You need not speak of him nor of your brother Charles either."

"No; I can well understand that my brother's is not a pleasant name in your ears," Lucas agreed. "You acknowledged one King Charles X.; you would like well to see another Charles X., but it is not Charles of Guise you mean."

"I have no desire to be King of France," Mayenne began angrily.

"Have you not? That is well, for you will never feel the crown on your brows, good uncle. You are more like the Spanish hammer and the Bearnais anvil; there will soon be nothing left of you but powder."

"Nom de Dieu, Paul!" Mayenne cried, half rising; but Lucas, leaning forward on the table, riveting him with his keen eyes, went on:

"To not mistake me, monsieur uncle. I think you in bad case, but I am ready to sink or swim with you. So long as the hand of Lorraine is in yours, believing I am your faithful servant, I have not hesitated to risk the gallows to serve you. Last March I made my way here, disguised, to tell you of the king's coming change of faith and of St. Quentin's certain defection. I demanded then my price, my marriage with mademoiselle. But you put me off again. You sent me back to Mantes to kill your St. Quentin."

"Aye. And you have been about it these four months and you have not killed him."

Lucas reddened with ire.

"I am no Jacques Clement to stab and be massacred. You cannot buy such a service of me, M. de Mayenne. If I do bravely for you I choose my own time and way. I brought the duke to Paris, delivered him up to you to deal with as it liked you. But you with your army at your back were afraid to kill him. You flinched and waited. You dared not shoulder the onus of his death. Then I, to help you out of your strait, planned to make his own son's the hand that should do the deed; to kill the duke and ruin his heir; to put not only St. Quentin but Mar out of your way."

"To be accurate, Paul," Mayenne said, "Mar was not in my way; he was of no consequence to me. You mean put him out of your way."

"He was in your way too. Since he would not join the Cause he was a hindrance to it. You had as much to gain as I by his ruin."

"Something—not as much. I did not want him killed—I preferred him to Valere."

"Nor did I want him killed; so our views jibed well."

"Why not, then? Did you prefer him as your wife's lover to some other who might appear?"

"I do not intend that my wife shall have lovers," Lucas answered.

Mayenne broke into laughter.

"Nom d'un chien, where will you keep her? In the Bastille? Lorance and no lovers! Ho, ho!"

"I mean none whom she favors."

"Then why do you leave Mar alive? She adores the fellow," Mayenne said. I had no idea whether he really thought it or only said it to annoy Lucas. At any rate it had its effect. Lucas's brows were knotted; he spoke with an effort, like a man under stress of physical pain.

"I know she loves him now and she would love him dead; but she would not love him a parricide."

"Is that your creed? Pardieu! you don't know women. The blacker the villain the more they adore him."

"I know it is true, monsieur," Lucas said smoothly, "that you have had successes."

Mayenne started forward with half an oath, changing to a laugh.

"So it is not enough for you to possess the fair body of Lorance; you must also have her love?"

"She will love me," Lucas answered uneasily. "She must."

"It is not worth your fret," Mayenne declared. "If she did how long would it last? Souvent femme Marie—that is the only fixed fact about her. If Lorance loves Mar to-day she will love some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after to-morrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it."

"She will not love any one else," Lucas said hoarsely.

Mayenne laughed.

"You are very young, Paul."

"She shall not love any one else! By the throne of heaven, she shall not!"

Mayenne went on laughing. If Lucas had for the moment teased him out of his equanimity the duke had paid back the score a hundredfold. Lucas's face was seared with his passions as with the torture iron; he clinched his hands together, breathing hard. On the side of the door I heard a sharp little sound in the darkness; mademoiselle had gritted her teeth.

"It is a little early to grow over the matter," Mayenne said, "since madamoiselle is not your wife nor ever likely to become so."

"You refuse her to me?" Lucas cried, livid. I thought he would leap over the table at one bound on Mayenne. It occurred to the duke to take his dagger.

"I promise her to you when you kill me St. Quentin. And you have not killing me St. Quentin, but instead conspiring to tell me the scheme—my scheme—is wrecked. Pardieu! it was never a good scheme. I never advocated stolen pistoles and suborned witnesses and accused nephews and deceived sons and the rest of your cumbrous machinery. I would have had you stab him as he bent over his papers and walk out of the house before they discovered him. But you had not the pluck for that; you must needs plot and replot to make some one else do your work. Now, after months of inaction and waiting, you come to me to tell me you have failed. Morbleu! is there any reason why I should not have you lashed into the gutter as no true son of the valorous le Balafre?"

Lucas's hand went to his belt again; he made one step as if to come around the table, but Mayenne's angry eye was on him, but he did not move; and Lucas made no more steps. Controlling himself with an effort he said:

"Be still, monsieur. Nobody can hear us. I have left no end loose, no contingency unprovided for—and I am ruined by a freak of fate."

"I never knew a failure yet but what the fault was fate's, Mayenne returned. "Call it accident, then, call it the devil, call it what you like!" Lucas cried. "I still maintain it was not my fault. Listen, monsieur."

He sat down again and began his story, striving as he talked to recolonquer something of his old coolness.

"The thing was ruined by the advent of the two boys. Locke I spoke of. You said he had not been here?"

"You may go to Lorance with that question," Mayenne answered; "I have something else to attend to than the intrigues of my wife's maids."

"He attended to Mar; I thought some one would have the sense to keep him Mordieu! I will find from Lorance whether she saw him."

He fell silent, gnawing his lip; I could see that his thought had traveled away from the plot to the sore subject of mademoiselle's affections.

"Well," said Mayenne sharply, "what about your boy?"

It was a moment before Lucas answered. When he did he spoke low and hurriedly, so that I could scarce catch the words. I knew it was no fear of listeners that kept his voice down—they had shouted at each other as if there was no one within a mile. I guessed that Lucas, for all his bravado, little relished the tale, not felt happy about its reception. I could catch names now and then, monsieur's M. Rétenne's, Grammont's, but the hero of the tale was myself.

"You let him to the duke?" Mayenne cried presently.

At the harsh censure of his voice Lucas's rang out with the old defiance:

"With Vigo at his back, I did. Sang dieu! you have yet to make the acquaintance of St. Quentin's equerry. A regiment of your lansquenets couldn't keep him out."

"He would never take wine?" Mayenne asked, lifting his hand with shut fingers over the table and then opening them.

"That is easy to say, monsieur, sitting here in your own hotel stuffed with your soldiers. But it was not so easy to do, alone in the enemy's house when at the least suspicion of me they had broken me on the wheel."

"That is the rub!" Mayenne cried violently. "That is the trouble with all of you. You think more of the safety of your own skins than of accomplish[illegible] Mordieu! there should I be to-day—where would the Cause be—if my first care was my own peril?"

"Then that is where we differ, uncle," Lucas answered with a cold sneer. "You are, it is well known, a patriot, toiling for the Church and the King of Spain, with never a thought for the welfare of Charles of Lorraine Lord of Mayenne. But I, Paul of Lorraine, your humble nephew, lord of my brain and hands, freely admit that I am toiling for no one but the aforesaid Paul of Lorraine. I should find it most inconvenient to get on without a head on my shoulders, and I shall do my best to keep it there."

"You need not tell me that; I know it well enough," Mayenne answered. "You are each for himself, none for me. At the same time Paul, you will do well to remember that your interest is to forward my interest."

"To the full, monsieur. And I shall kill you St. Quentin yet. You need not call me coward; I am working for a dearer stake than any man in your ranks."

"Well," Mayenne rejoined, "get on with your tale."

Lucas went on, Mayenne listening quietly, with no further word of blame. He moved not so much as an eyelid till Lucas told of M. le Duc's departure, when he flung himself forward in his chair with a sharp oath.

"What! by daylight?"

"Aye. He was afraid, after this discovery, of being set on at night."

"He went out in broad day?"

"So Vigo said. I saw him not," Lucas answered with something of his old nonchalance.

"Mille tonnerres du diable!" Mayenne shouted. "If this is true, if he got out in broad day, I'll have the head of the traitor that let him. I'll nail it over his own gate."

"It is not worth your fret, monsieur," Lucas said lightly. "If you did how long would it avail? Souvent homme trahie: that is the only fixed fact about him. If they pass St. Quentin to-day they will pass some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after."

Mayenne looked at him, half angry, half startled into some deeper emotion, at this doll twisting of his own words.

"Souvent homme trahie.

Mal habile qui s'y fie,"

he repeated mustogly. He might been saying over the motto of the house of Lorraine. For the Guises believed in no man's good faith, as no man believed in theirs.

"Souvent homme trahie," Mayenne said again, as if in the words he recognized a bitter verity. And that is as true as King Francis's version. I suppose you will be the next, Paul."

"When I give up hope of Lorance," Lucas said bluntly.

I caught myself suddenly fitting the two of them: Mayenne, because, for all his power and splendor and rank next to a king's and ability second to none, he dared trust no man—not the son of his body, not his brother. He had made his own bed and dwelt in it, and there was no need to wish him any ill. And Lucas, perjured traitor, was further from the goal of his desire than if we had slain him in the Rue Coupe-Jarrets.

"What next? It appears you escaped the redoubted Vigo." Mayenne went on in his everyday tone; and the vision faded, and I saw him once more as the greatest noble and greatest scoundrel in France, and feared and hated him, and Lucas too, as the betrayer of my dear lord Etienne.

"Tell me of that."

"Then come you here?"

"Not at once. I tracked Mar and this Broux to Mar's old lodgings at the Three Lances. When I had dogged them to the door I came here and worked upon Lorance to write Mar a letter commanding his presence. For I thought that the night was yet young and to-morrow he might be out of my reach. Well, it appears I had not the courage to come, but he sent the boy. I was not sorry. I thought I could settle him more quietly at the inn. The boy went back once and almost ran into me in the court, but he did not see me. I entered and asked for lodgings, but the fat old fool of a host put me through the catechism like an inquisitor, and finally declared the inn was full. I said I would take a garret; but it was no use. Out I must trudge. I did, and paid two men to get into a brawl in front of the house, that the inn people might run out to look. But instead they locked the gate and put up the shutters in the cabaret."

Mayenne burst out laughing.

"It was not your night, Paul."

"No," said Lucas shortly.

"And what then? It did not take you till 3 o'clock to be put out of the inn."

(Continued on page 6).

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Afternoon Programme
Tuesday, August 23rd

2 Horse Races. Ball Games.
R. M. College Riding Academy, with 12 horses Jumping Hurdles, Tent Pegging, Push Ball Games, Etc.
Scottish Lady Dancers and Highlanders Band.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND

7.00 p.m.—Baby Show.
8.00 p.m.—High Class Vocal Entertainment; Mary Daly, Mezzo Soprano; Reg. Wiseman, Baritone; Christie, Friend and Jackson, Comic Singers and Comedians.
Also Scottish Lady Dancers.
High class music by Highlanders 30-Piece Band.
To conclude with grand display of Fireworks by Prof. Hand.

Afternoon Programme
Wednesday, August 24th

2 Horse Races. Ball Games. R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Highlanders 30-Piece Band.
Judging of Horses and Lady Scottish Dancers.

EVENING PROGRAMME

J. G. Daly, Basso; and Grand Concert by Ye Olde Tyme Concert Co., of Toronto; Mary Smith, Contralto; Marjorie Walters, Soprano; Maudé W. Chapman, Piano; A. C. Chapman, Tenor; W. H. Norris, Basso.
Scottish Lady Dancers. R. M. C. Riding Academy, and Highlanders Band. To conclude with Fireworks by Prof. Hand.

Afternoon Programme
Thursday, August 25th

2 Horse Races. Judging of Carriage Horses.
R. M. C. Riding Academy and Highlanders Band.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

Grand Vocal Entertainment by Ye Olde Tyme Concert Co., of Toronto.
Scottish Lady Dancers.
R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Highlanders Band and Fireworks.

Afternoon Programme
Friday, August 26th

2 Horse Races. Ball Games.
Judging of Horses. Stock Parade.
R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Scottish Dancers and Highlanders Band.

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FRIDAY NIGHT
Music by the Highlanders Band.

No charge for admittance at the gate Friday night.

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The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page 5).

"No," Lucas answered; "I spoke to you of the variet Pontou with whom Grammont had quarrelled. He had shut him up in a closet of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets. After the fight is the court we all went our ways for getting him. So I paid the house visit; I was afraid some one else might tell tales."

"And will he tell tales?"

"No," said Lucas, "he will tell no tales."

"How about your spy in the Hotel St. Quentin?"

"Martin, the clerk? Oh, I warned him off before I left," Lucas said easily. "He will lie perdu till we want him again. And Grammont, you see, is dead now. There is no direct witness to the thing but the boy Broux.'

"That's as good as to say there is none," Mayenne answered, "for I have the boy."

CHAPTER XVI.

Lucas sprang up.

"You have him! Where?"

"Yes, I have him," Mayenne answered with his tantalizing slowness.

"Alive?"

"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told them I was not done with him. I thought we might have a use for him. He is in the oratory there."

"Pishaw! Listening!" cried Lucas, as if a quick doubt of Mayenne's good faith to him struck his mind.

"Certainly not," Mayenne answered. "The door is bolted; he might be in the street for all he can hear. The wall was built for that."

"What will you do with him, monsieur?"

"We'll have him out," said Mayenne. Lucas, needing no second bidding, hastened down the room.

All this while mademoiselle on the floor at my feet, had neither stir nor nor whisper, as rigid as the statued Virgin herself. But now she rose and for one moment laid her hand on my shoulder with an encouraging pat; but next she flung the door wide just as Lucas reached the threshold.

He started as from a shot.

"Lorance!" he gasped, "Lorance!"

"Nom de dieu!" came Mayenne's shout from the back of the room. "What! Sister Anne!"

He caught up the candelabrum and strode over to us.

Mademoiselle stepped out into the council-room, I hanging back on the other side of the sill. She was as white as linen, but she lifted her head proudly. She had not the courage to look down no fear, but she had the courage that rises to the need. Crouching on the strong floor she had been in a panic lest they find her. But in the moment of discovery she faced them unflinching.

"You spying here, Lorance!" Mayenne stormed at her.

"I did not come here to spy, monsieur," she answered. "I was here first, as you see, your presence was as unlooked for by me as mine by you."

His next accusation brought the blood in scarlet flags to her pale cheeks; she made him no answer, but burned him with her indignant eyes.

"Mordieu, monsieur!" Lucas cried "This is Mlle. de Montluc."

"Then why did you come?" demanded Mayenne.

"Because I had done harm to the lad and was sorry," she said. "You defend me now, Paul, but you did not hesitate to make a tool of me in your cowardly schemes."

"It was kindly meant, madomoiselle," Lucas retorted, "since I should kill M. le Comte de Mar in any case I thought it would please you to have a word with him first."

I think it did not need the look she gave him to make him regret the speech. This Lucas was an extraordinary compound of shrewdness and recklessness, one separating from the other like oil and vinegar in a slovenly salad. He could plan and toil and wait, to an end, with skill and fortitude and patience, but he could not govern his own gusty tempers.

"You have been crying, Lorance," Mayenne said in a softer tone.

"For my sins, monsieur," she answered quickly. "I am grieved most bitterly to have been the means of bringing this lad into danger. Since Paul cozened me into doing what I did not understand, and since this is not the man you wanted, but only his servant, will you not let him go free?"

"Why, my pretty Lorance, I did not mean to harm him," Mayenne protested, smiling. "I had him flogged for his insolence to you; I thought you would thank me for it."

"I am never glad over a flogging, monsieur."

"Then why not speak? A word from you and it had stopped."

She flushed red for very shame.

"I was afraid—I knew you vexed with me," she faltered. "Oh, I have done ill!" she turned to me, silently imploring forgiveness. There was no need to ask.

"Then you will let him go, monsieur? And that I did not speak before! Thank you, my cousin!"

"Of what did you suspect me? The boy was whipped for a fit of impertinence to you; I had no cause against him."

My heart leaped up; at the same time I scorned myself for a craven that I had been overcome by groundless terror.

"Then I have been a goose so to disturb myself," mademoiselle laughed out in relief. "You do well to rebuke me, cousin. I shall never meddle in your affairs again."

"That will be wise of you," Mayenne returned. "For I did mean to let the boy go; but since you have entered this door and let him hear what he should not I have no choice but to silence him."

"Monsieur!" she gasped.

"Aye," he said quietly. "I would have let him go. But you have made is impossible."

Never have I seen so piteous a sight as her face of misery. Had my hands been free Mayenne had been startled to find a knife in his heart.

"Never mind, mademoiselle," I cried to her. "You came and wept over me and that is worth all my life."

"Monsieur," she cried, recovering herself after the first instant of consternation, "you are degrading the greatest noble in the land! You, the head of the house of Lorraine, the chief of the League, the commander of the allied armies, debase yourself in stooping to take vengeance on a stable boy."

"It is no question of vengeance; it is a question of safety," he answered impatiently. Yet I marvelled that he answered at all, since absolute power is not obliged to give an account of itself.

"Is your estate, then, so tottering that a stable boy can overturn it? In that case he advised. Go hang yourself, monsieur, while there is yet time."

He flushed with anger, and this time he offered no justification. He advanced on the girl with outstretched hand.

"Mademoiselle, it is not my habit to take advice from the menials of my household. Nor do I admit them to my council-room. Permit me then to conduct you to the staircase."

She retreated toward the threshold where he stood, still covering me as with a shield.

"Monsieur, you are very cruel to me."

"Your hand, mademoiselle."

She did not yield it to him, but held out both hands clasped in appeal.

"Monsieur, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do your pleasure. I thought you meant harm to the boy because he was a servant to M. de Mar, and I knew that of de St. Quentin at least had gone over to the other side. I did not know what you would do with him and I could not wait in my bed because it was through me he came here. Monsieur, if I was foolish and frightened and indiscreet do not punish the lad for my wrong-doing."

Mayenne was still holding out his hand for her.

"I wish you sweet dreams, my cousin Lorance."

"Monsieur," she cried, shrinking back till she stood within the door, "I beg of you not let the boy go?"

"How will you look to-morrow," he said with his unchanged smile, "if you lose all your sleep to-night, my pretty Lorance?"

"A reproach to you," she answered quickly. "You will mark my white cheeks and my red eyes, and you will say, 'Now, there is my little cousin Lorance, my good de Montluc's daughter, and I have made her cry her eyes blind over my cruelty. Her father, dying, gave her to me to guard and cherish, and I have made her miserable. I am sorry. I wish I had not done it.'"

"Mademoiselle, the duke repeated "will you get to your bed?"

She did not stir, but, fixing him with her brilliant eyes, went on as if thinking aloud.

"I remember when I was a tiny maid of five or six, and you and your brother Guise (whom God rest!) would come to our house. You would ask my father to send for me, and you drank your wine, and I would run into his knee and be fed comfits from your pocket. I thought you the most courteous and gallantest gentleman in France, as indeed you were."

"You were the prettiest little creature ever was," Mayenne said abruptly.

"And my little heart was bursting with love and admiration for you," she returned. "When I first could flop I learned to pray for my cousin Henri and my cousin Charles. I have never forgotten them one night in all those years. God receive and bless the soul of Henri de Guise; God guard and prosper Charles de Mayenne! But you make it hard for me to ask it for my cousin Charles."

"This is a great coil over a horse boy," Mayenne said curtly.

"Life is as dear to a horse boy as to M. le Duc de Mayenne."

"I tell you I did not mean to kill the boy," Mayenne said. "With the door shut he could hear nothing. I meant to question him and let him go. But you both seem to set great store by him, a valet's and business, mademoiselle. You have unlocked the door and let him listen to my secrets. Stand men, mademoiselle, tell no tales."

"M. de Mayenne," she said, "I cannot see that you need trouble for the future of Martin, the clerk. I shall leave France. But if you must needs fear his tongue, why, even then you should set me free. He is safer with me than left here with a message. It is wanton murder to take his life; it is like killing a child."

"He is not so harmless as you would lead one to suppose, mademoiselle," the duke retorted. "Since you have taken to corresponding with the League how he upset your cousin Paul's arrangements.

"For that you should be thankful to him, monsieur. He has saved you the stain of a cowardly crime."

"Mordieu!" Mayenne exclaimed "who further murdered my brother?"

"The Valois."

"And his henchman, St. Quentin."

"Not so," she cried. "He was here in Paris when it happened. He was revolted at the deed."

"Did they teach you that at the convent?"

"No, but it is true. M. de St. Quentin warned my cousin Henri not to go to Blois."

"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."

"I think them brave and honest gentlemen, as I think Messire Charles."

"That sounds ill on the lips that have had such familiar converse with Navarre. You have Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots and half the provinces to fight in the field and your own League to combat at home. You must make favor with each of a dozen quarrelling factions, appease and strive to placate and loyalize them all. The leaders work each for his own end, each against the other and against you; and the truth is not in one of them, and their pledges are ropes of straw. They intrigue and rebel and betray till you know not whom to turn, and you curse the day that made you head of the League."

"I do curse the day Henri was killed," Mayenne said soberly. "And that is true, Lorance. But I am head of the League, and I must do my all to lead it to success."

"But not by the path of shame!" she cried quickly. "Success never yet lay that way. Henri de Valois slew our Henri, and see how God dealt with him!"

He looked at her fixedly; I think he heeded her words less than her shining, earnest eyes. And he said at last:

"Well, you shall have your boy, Lorance."

"Ah, monsieur!"

With tears dimming the brightness of those sweet eyes she dropped on her knees before him kissing his hand.

Lucas since his one unlucky out burst had said never a word, but stood looking on with a ruefulness of visage that it warmed the cockles of my heart to see.

Certes, he was in no very pleasant corner, this dear St. Paul. His mistress had heard his own lips decribe his plot against the St. Quentins: there was no possibility of lying himself clear of it. Out of his own mouth he was convicted of spycraft, treachery and cowardly murder. And in the Hotel de Lorraine, as in the Hotel de St. Quentin, his betrayal had come about through me. I was unwitting agent in both cases; but that did not make him love me the more. Could eyes slay I had fallen of the glance he shot me over mademoiselle's bowed head; but when she rose he said to her:

"Mademoiselle, the boy is as much my prisoner as M. le Duc's, since I got him here. But I too freely give him up to you."

She swept him a curtsey silently without looking at him. He made an eager pace nearer her.

"Lorance," he cried in a low, rapid voice, "I am out of your graces. Now, by Our Lady, what's life worth to me if you will not take me back again? I admit I have tried to ruin the Comte de Mar. Is that any marvel, since he is my rival with you? Last March, when I was hiding here and watched from my window the gay M. de Mar come airily in, day after day, to see and make love to you, was it any marvel that I swore to bring his proud head to the dust?"

Now she turned to him and met his gaze squarely.

"The means you employed was the marvel," she said. "If you did not approve of his visits you had only to tell him so. He had been ready to defend to you his right to make them. But you never showed him the face; of course had you you could not have become his father's housemate and Judas. Oh, I blush to know that the same blood runs in your veins and mine."

"You speak hard words, mademoiselle," Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort. "You forget that we live in France in war time and not in the kingdom of Love. I was toiling for more than my own revenges. I was working at your cousin Mayenne's commands, to aid our holy cause, for the preservation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic kingdom of France."

"Your conversion is sudden then; only an hour ago you were working for nothing and no one but Paul de Lorraine."

"Come, come, Lorance," Mayenne interposed, his caution settling him ever on the side of compromise, "there is no worse than the rest of us. He hates his enemies, and so do we all; he works against them to the best of his power, and so we all. Remember the Kingsmen, we are Leaguers; they fight for their side and we fight for ours. If we plot against them they plot against us; we murder lest we be murdered. We cannot scruple over our means. Nom de dieu, mademoiselle, what do you expect? Civil war is not a dancing school."

"Mademoiselle is right," Lucas said humbly, refusing any excuse. We have been using cowardly means, weapons unworthy of Christian gentlemen. And I at least cannot plead M. le Duc's excuse, that I was blinded by my zeal for the Cause. For I know and you know there is but one cause with me. I went to kill St. Quentin because it was promised you for it, as I would have gone to kill the Pope himself. This is my excuse; I did it to win you. There is no other in God's calendar I would not commit for that."

He had possessed himself of her hand and was bending over her, but kept her with his two eyes. Mess of lies as the man was, in this last sentence I knew he spoke the truth.

She strove to free herself from him with none of the flattered pride in his declaration which he had perhaps looked for. Instead, she eyed him with positive fear, as if she saw no way of escape from his rampant desire.

"I wish rather you would practise little virtues for my sake," she said.

"So I will if you ask it," he returned unabashed. "Lorance, I love you so there is no depth to which I could not stoop to gain you; there is no height to which I cannot rise. There is no shame so bitter, no danger so awful, that I would not face it for your sake. Is there any sacrifice I will not make to gain your good will. I hate M. de Mar above any living man because you have smiled on him. I will not have him go for your sake. I swear to you before the figure of Our Blessed Lady there that I will drop quietly in the matter. Now this time forward I will neither move against him nor cause others to move against him in any shape or manner, nor to help me God."

He dropped her hand to kiss the cross of her sword. She retreated from him, her face very pale, her breast heaving.

"You make it hard for me to know when you are speaking the truth," she said.

"May the lightning strike me if I am lying!" Lucas cried. "May my tongue rot at the root if ever I lie to you, Lorance!"

"Then I am very grateful and glad," she said gravely, and again curtseyed to him.

"Yes, I give you my word for that too, Lorance," Mayenne added; "I have no quarrel with young Mar. His father has stirred up more trouble for me than any dozen of Huguenots; I have my score to settle with St. Quentin. But I have no quarrel with the son. I will not molest him."

"Grand'merci, monsieur," she said, sweeping him another of her graceful obeisances.

"Understand me, mademoiselle," Mayenne went on. "I pardon him, but not that he may be anything but my foe. That time is past. The St. Quentins are Navarre's men now and our enemies. For your sake I will let Mar alone; but if he come near you again I will crush him as I would a buzzing fly."

"That I understand, monsieur," she answered in a low tone. "While I live under your roof I shall not be treacherous to you. I am a Liguease and he is a Kingsman, and there can be nothing between us. There shall be nothing, monsieur. I do not swear it, as Paul needs, because I have never lied to you."

She did not once look at Lucas, yet I think she knew him wince under her stab. The Duke of Mayenne was right; not even Mlle. de Montluc loved her enemies.

"You are a good girl, Lorance," Mayenne said.

"Will you let the boy go now, cousin Charles?" she asked.

"Yes, I will let your boy go," he made answer. "But if I do this for you I shall expect you henceforth to do my bidding."

"You have called me a good girl, cousin."

"Aye, so you are. And there is small need to look so Friday-faced about it. If I have denied you one lover I will give you another just as good."

"Am I Friday-faced?" she said, summoning up a smile. "Then my looks belie me. For since you free this poor boy whom I was like to have ruined I take a grateful and happy heart to bed."

"Aye, and you must stay happy. Pardieu, what does it matter whether your husband have yellow hair or brown? My brother Henri was for getting himself into a monastery, because he could not get the Queen Margot. Yet in less than a year he is as merry as a fiddler with the Duchesse Katharine."

"You have made me happy, to-night at least, monsieur," she answered gently if not merrily.

"Then the most foolish act of my life," Mayenne answered. "But it is for you, Lorance. If ill comes to me by it yours is the credit."

"You can swear him to silence, monsieur," she cried quickly.

"What use? He would not keep silence."

"He will if I ask it," she returned, flinging me a look of bright confidence that made the blood dance in my veins. But Mayenne frowned.

"When you have lived in the world as long as I have you will not so flatter yourself, Lorance."

Thus it happened that I was not bound to silence concerning what I had seen and heard in the house of Lorraine.

Mayenne took out his dagger.

"What I do I do thoroughly. I said I'd set you free. Free you shall be."

Mademoiselle sprang forward with pleading hand.

"Let me cut the cords, cousin Charles."

He recolled a bare second, the habit of a lifetime checking him against the putting of a weapon in another's hand. Then ashamed of the suspicion, he yielded the knife and she cut my bonds. She looked straight into my eyes with a glance earnest, beseeching, which he bore out as he vehemently, yet in a low tone, for Mayenne had not closed the door:

"You think I have tricked, do you, you devil's brat? Let him laugh that wins; I shall have her yet."

"I will tell M. le Comte so," I answered with all the impudence I could muster.

"By heaven, you will tell him no thing," he replied. "You will never see daylight again."

"I have Mayenne's word," I began, but his retort was to draw dagger in earnest and to fall to parleying. And I did what the best of soldiers must do sometimes: I ran. I bounded into the oratory, flinging the door to after me. He was upon it before I could get it shut, and the heavy oak was swung this way and that between us, each struggling as if we must tear it off the hinges. I contrived not to let him push it open wide enough to enter; nevertheless it was unnerving. I thought it no shame to shriek for succor. I heard an answering cry and hurrying footsteps. Then Lucas left the door and fled from the door so suddenly that mine banged it shut. The next minute it flew open again, mademoiselle, all frightened and panting, on the threshold.

A tall soldier with a musket stood at her back; at one side Lucas lounged by the table where the duke had set down the light. His right hand he held behind his back, while with his left he pushed his dagger into the candle flame.

Mayenne, red and puffing, hurried into the room.

"What's the pother?" he demanded. "What devilment now, Paul?"

"Mademoiselle's protege is her own," Lucas answered with a fine sneer. "When I drew out my knife to get the thief from the candle, he screamed to wake the dead and took it him self to victory."

I had given him the lie then and there, but as I emerged from the darkness Mayenne commanded:

"Take him out to the street, d'Auray."

The tall musketeer, saluting, motioned me to precede him. For a moment I hesitated, burning to defend my valor before mademoiselle. Then reflecting how much harm my tongue had previously done me, and that the path to freedom was now open before me, I said nothing. And had I need for As I turned she flashed over to Lucas and said straight in his face:

"When you marry me, Paul de Lorraine, you will marry a dead wife."

CHAPTER XVII.

Lucas's prophecy came to grief within five minutes of the making. For when the musketeer unbarred the house door for me the first thing I saw was the morning sun.

My spirits danced at sight of him, as he himself might dance on Easter day. Within the close, candle-lit room I had had no thought but that it was still black midnight; and now at one step I passed from the gloomy nouse into the heartening sunshine of a new clean day. I ran along as joyously as if I had left the last of my troubles behind me, forgotten in some dark pit far off the Hotel de Lorraine. Always my heart lifts when, after hours within walls, I find myself in the open air. I am afraid in houses, but out of doors I have no fear of harm from any man or any thing.

Though Sir Sun was risen this half hour, and at home we should have been about our business, these lazy Paris folk were still snoring. They liked well to turn night into day and lie long abed of a morning. Although here a shopkeeper took down shutters and there a brisk servant lass swept the doorstep, yet I walked through a sleeping city, quiet as our St. Quentin woods save that here my footsteps echoed into the emptiness. At length, with the knack I have, whatever my stupidities, of finding my way in a strange city, I arrived before the courtyard of the Trois Lanternes. The big wooden doors were indeed shut but when I had pounded lustily awhile a young fagot, half clad and cross as a bear, opened to me. I vouchsafed him scant apology, but, dropping on a heap of hay under a shed in the court passed straightway into dreamless slumber.

When I awoke my good friend the sun was looking down at me from next his zenith, and my first happy thought was that I was just in time for dinner. Then I discovered that I had been prodded out of my rest by the pitchfork of a hostler.

"Sorry to disturb monsieur, but the horses must be fed"

"Oh, I am oblig to you," I said rubbing my eyes. "I must go up to M. le Comte."

"He has been himself to look at you, and gave orders you were not to be disturbed. He was here last week, Dame! you slept like a sabot."

It did not take me long to brush the straw off me, wash my face at the pump and present myself before the monsieur. He was dressed and sitting at table in his bedchamber, while a drawer served him with dinner.

"You are out of bed, monsieur," I cried.

"But yes," he answered, springing up, "I am as well as ever I was. Felix, what has happened to you?"

I glanced at the serving maid; M. Etienne ordered him at once from the room.

"How tell me quickly," he cried as I faltered, tongue-tied from very richness of matter. "Mademoiselle?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed: "Mademoiselle is"——I paused in a dearth of words worthy of her.

"She is, she is!" he agreed, laughing. "Oh, go on, you little love poke! You saw her? And she said"——

He was near to laying hands on me by sheer joy, flinging the door to after me. He was upon it before I could get it shut, and the heavy oak was swung this way and that between us, each struggling as if we must tear it off the hinges. I contrived not to let him push it open wide enough to enter; nevertheless it was unnerving. I thought it no shame to shriek for succor. I heard an answering cry and hurrying footsteps. Then Lucas left the door and fled from the door so suddenly that mine banged it shut. The next minute it flew open again, mademoiselle, all frightened and panting, on the threshold.

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sin face clouded a little and he fell silent. I knew that besides his thoughts of his lady came other thoughts of his father. He sat gravely silent. But of last night's bitter distress he showed no trace. Last night he had not been able to take his eyes from the miserable past, but to-day he saw the future. A future not altogether flowery, perhaps, but one which, however it turned out, should not repeat the old mistakes of shame.

"Felix," he said at length, "I see nothing for it but to eat my pride."

I kept still in the happy hope that I should hear just what I longed to; he went on:

"I swore then that I would never darken his doors again. I was mad with anger; so was he. He said if I went with Gervaise I went forever."

"Monsieur, if you repent your hot words so does he."

"I must e'en give him the chance. If he do repent them it were churlish to deny him the opportunity to tell him so. If he still maintain them it were cowardly to shrink from hearing it. No, whatever monsieur replies I must go tell him I repent."

I came forward to kiss his hand, I was so pleased.

"Oh, you look very smiling over it," he cried. "Think you I like sneaking back home again like a whipped hound to his kennel?"

"But," I protested, indignant, "monsieur is not a whipped hound."

"Well, a prodigal son, as Lucas named me yesterday. It is the same thing."

"I have heard M. l'Abbe read the story of the prodigal son," I said. "And he was a vaurien, if you like—no more monsieur's sort than Lucas himself. But it says that when his father saw him coming a long way off he ran out to meet him and fell on his neck."

M. d'Etienne looked not altogether convinced.

"Well, however it turns out it must be good enough with it to only de-

(Continued on page 7)

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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A Lady Wins Long Service Emblem

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Travel in Effigy on Pioneer Railway

Upper—The figures that sat in conference for three weeks in Vancouver during Diamond Jubilee weeks. Lower—Being unpacked at Vancouver.

Travelling in effigy on the Railway that made possible the union of the Canadian provinces, the Fathers of Confederation recently journeyed from Toronto to Vancouver via the Canadian Pacific Railway. Their trip was part of the program of a Vancouver department store in connection with the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations.

The "Fathers" were sculptured in Toronto by Merle Foster after more than one long period in the archives at Ottawa. Little did these stalwarts dream that reproductions of themselves would travel in far greater comfort than their real selves could command six decades ago.

Every consideration was given for their welfare, their faces were carefully protected with soft gauze; their bodies swathed in the finest of cloth, they travelled de luxe in individual crates wrapped in building paper—dustproof and exclusive.

On arrival carpenters carefully helped them from their resting places and brushed their clothes as assiduously as if they had been millionaires in a barber shop. They were then comfortably seated around the conference table where they continued in conference day and night for three solid weeks.

Those in charge of their tour have not yet decided upon a future itinerary.

Alexander T. Galt (left) and Thomas D'Arcy McGee emerge from their excelsior as fresh as ever after travelling nearly three thousand miles by Canadian Pacific Railway from Toronto to Vancouver.

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 6)

coat to go to monsieur. But even at that I think I should not go if it were not for mademoiselle."

"You will beg his aid, monsieur?"

"I will beg his advice at least. For here you and I are to carry off mademoiselle under Mayenne's hand—well, a comtesse for the nonce that beats me."

"We must do it, monsieur," I cried.

"Aye, and we will! Come, Felix, you may put your knife in my dish. We must eat and be off. The meats have got cold and the wine warm, but never mind."

It did not mind, but was indeed thankful to get any dinner at all. Once regained on the move he was in a fever to be off; it was not long before we were in the streets bound for the Hotel St. Quentin. He said no more of monsieur as we walked, but plied me with questions about Mlle. de Montluc—but only as to every word she said, but as to every turn of her head and flicker of her eyelids; and he call ed me a dull ox when I could not answer. But as we entered the Quartier Marais he fell silent, more Friday faced than ever his lady had ever been, but in no allowance of pride, this M. Etienne; he found his own words no palatable meal.

However, when we came within a dozen paces of the gate he dropped as one drops a cloak, all signs of gloom or discomposure, and approached the entrance with the easy swagger of the gay young gallant who had lived there. As if returning from a morning stroll he called to the sentry: "Hola, squinting Charlot! Open now!"

"Morbleu, M. le Comte!" the fellow exclaimed, running to draw the bolts "Well, this is a sight for sore eyes anyway."

M. Etienne laughed out in pleasure It put heart into him, I could see, that his first greeting should be thus friendly.

"Vigo didn't know what had become of you, monsieur," Charlot volunteered. "The old man wasn't in the best of tempers last night after Lucas got away and you gave us the slip too. He called us all blockheads and cursed idiots. Things were lively for a time, nom d'un chien!"

"Eh, bien, I am found," M. Etienne returned. "In time we'll get Lucas too. Is monsieur back?"

"No, M. Etienne, not yet."

I think he was half sorry, half glad. "Where's Vigo?" he demanded.

"Somewhere about. I'll find him for monsieur."

"No, stay at your post. I'll find him."

He went straight across the court and in at the door he had sworn never again to darken. Humility and repentance might have brought him there, but it was the hand of mademoiselle drew him over the threshold without a falter.

Alone in the hall was my little friend Marcel, throwing dice against himself to while the time away. He sprang up at sight of us, aglearn with excitement.

"Well, Marcel," my master said, "and where is Vigo?"

"I think in the stables, monsieur."

"Bid him come to me in the small cabinet."

He turned with accustomed feet into the room at the end of the hall where Vigo kept the rolls of the guard in iron composure when I told him the true name and condition of Lucas. But at the end of the adventure all the comment he made was:

"A fool for luck."

"Well," said M. Etienne impatiently, "is that all you have to say? What are we to do about it?"

"Do? Why, nothing."

"Nothing?" he cried, with his hand on his sword. "Nothing? And let that scoundrel have her?"

"That is M. de Mayenne's affair," Vigo said. "We can't help it."

"I will help it!" M. Etienne declared. "Mordieu! Am I to let that traitor, that spy, that soul of dirt, marry Mlle. de Montluc?"

"What Mayenne wishes he'll have," Vigo said. "Some day you will surely get a chance to fight Lucas, monsieur."

"And meantime he is to enjoy her?"

"It is a pity," Vigo admitted. "But there is Mayenne. Can we storm the Hotel de Lorraine? No one can drink up the sea."

"One could if he wanted to as much as I want mademoiselle," my lord declared.

But Vigo shook his head.

"Monsieur," he said gravely, "monsieur, you have a great chance. You have a sword and a good cause to draw it in. What more should a man ask in the world than that? Your father has been without it these three years, and for want of it he has eaten his heart out. You have been without it, and you have got yourself into all sorts of mischief. But now all that is coming straight. King Henry is turning Catholic, so that a man may follow him without offending God. He is a good fellow and a first-rate general. He's just out there, at St. Denis. There's your place, M. Etienne."

"Not to-day, Vigo."

"Yes, M. Etienne, to-day. Be advised, monsieur." Vigo said with his usual persistence. "There is nothing to gain by staying here to drink up the sea. Mayenne will no more give you her to Felix. And you can no more carry her off than could Felix. Mayenne will have you killed and flung into the Seine as easy as eating breakfast."

"And you bid me grudge my life? Strange counsel from you, Vigo."

"No, monsieur, but I bid you not throw it away. We all hope to die afield but we have a preference how and where. If you fell fighting for Navarre I should be sorry; monsieur would grieve deep. But we should say it was well; we grudged not your life to the country and the King. While if you fall in this foul affair—"

"I fall for my lady," M. Etienne finished. "The bravest captain of them all dies no better than that."

"M. Etienne, she is no wife for you. You cannot get her. And if you could 'twere pity. She is a Huguenot, and you from now on are a stanch Kingsman Give her up, monsieur. You have had this maggot in your brain these four years. Once for all get it out. Go to St. Denis; take your troop among Biron's horse. That is the place for you. You will marry a maid of honor and die a marshal of France."

M. Etienne laid his arm around Vigo's shoulder with a smile.

"Good old Vigo! Vigo, tell me this: if you saw a marshal's baton waiting you in the field, and at home your dearest friend were alone and in peril, would you go off after glory?"

"Aye, if 'twere a hopeless business to stay, certes I would go."

"Oh, tell that in Bedlam!" M. Etienne cried. "You would do nothing of the sort. Was it to win glory you stayed three years in that hole, St. Quentin?"

"I had no choice, monsieur. My master was there."

"And my mistress is here! You may save your breath, Vigo; I know what I shall do. The eloquence of monk Christin wouldn't change me."

"What is your purpose, M. Etienne?" Vigo asked.

Indeed, there was a vagueness about his scheme as revealed to us.

"It is quite simple I purpose to get speech with mademoiselle; I can contrive it, and I think I can. I purpose to smuggle her out of the Hotel de Lorraine—such feats have been accomplished before and may be again. Then I shall bring her here and hold her against all comers."

"No," Vigo said, "no, monsieur. You may not do that."

"Ventre bleu, Vigo!" his young lord cried.

"No," said Vigo. "I can't have her here, and Mayenne's army after her."

"Coward!" shouted M. Etienne.

I thought Vigo would take us both by the scruff of our necks and throw us out of the place. But he answered undisturbed:

"No, that is not the reason, monsieur. If M. le Duc told me to hold this house against the armies of France and Spain I'd hold it till the last man of us was dead. But I am here in his absence to guard his hotel, his moneys and his papers. I don't call it guarding to throw a firebrand among them. Bringing Mayenne's niece here would be worse than that."

"Monsieur would never hesitate! Monsieur is no chicken heart!" M. Etienne cried. "If he were here he'd say, 'We'll defend the lady if every stone in this house is pulled from its fellow!'"

A twinkle came into Vigo's eyes.

"I think that is likely true," he said. "Monsieur opposed the marriage as long as Mayenne desired it; but now that Mayenne forbids it, singing the demoiselle is another pair of sleeves."

"Well, then," cried M. Etienne, all good humor in a moment, "what more do you want? We'll divert ourselves pouring pitch out of the windows on Mayenne's ruffians"

"No, M. Etienne, it can't be done. If M. le Duc were here and gave the command I'd obey it; but he would be one thing, No one would obey with a readier heart than I. Mordieu, monsieur, I have no objection to succoring a damsel in distress; I have been in the business before now."

"Then why not now? Death of my life, Vigo! When I know and you know monsieur would approve—"

"I don't know it, monsieur," Vigo said. "I only think it. And I cannot move by my own reckoning. I am in charge of the house till monsieur returns. I purpose to do no more than guard it. But I interfere in no way with your liberty to proceed as you please."

"I should think not, indeed!" M. Etienne blazed furiously.

"I could," rejoined Vigo with his maddening tranquility. "I could shut the gates—and they would—and I could lock you up in your chamber. I believe monsieur would thank me for it. But I don't do it. I leave you free to act as it likes you."

My lord was white with ire.

"Who is master here, you or I?"

"Neither of us, M. le Comte. But monsieur, leaving, put the keys in my hands, and I am head of the house till he returns. You are very angry, M. Etienne, but my shoulders are broad enough to bear it. Your madness will get no countenance from me."

"Hang you for an obstinate pig!" M. Etienne cried.

Vigo said no more. He had made plain his position; he had naught to add or retract. Yeux-gris's face cleared. After all there was no use being angry with Vigo. He was no feather ruffled, and he had no desire whatever that he was absolutely in the right. His position was impregnable; neither persuasion, ridicule nor abuse could budge him one whit. He had but a single purpose in life; he was born to forward the interests of the Duke of Aquenin. He would forward them, if need were, over our bleeding corpses.

On top of all his disobedience and disrespect he was most amiable. M. Etienne, treating him with a calm assumption of friendliness that would have maddened a saint. Yet it was not hypocrisy; he liked his young lord, as we all did. He would not let him imperil monsieur, but aside from that he wished him every good fortune in the world.

M. Etienne argued no more. He was wroth and sore over Vigo's attitude, but he said little. He accepted the advance of money—"Of course monsieur would say, What coin is his is yours." Vigo explained that he had come to settle his score at the Three Lanterns.

I set out on my errand rather down in the mouth. We had accomplished nothing by our return to the hotel. Nay, rather had we lost, for we were both of us, I thought, disheartened by the cold water flung on our ambitions. I took the liberty of doubting whether perfect loyalty to monsieur included thwarting and disobeying him. But it was all very well for monsieur to spoil Vigo and let him speak his mind as became not his station, for Vigo never disobeyed him, but acted by him in all things. But I imagined that, were M. Etienne master, Vigo, for all his years of service, would be packed off after Lucas in short order.

I walked along in a brown study, wondering how M. Etienne did purpose to rescue mademoiselle. His method, so far as vouchsafed to me, was somewhat in the air. I could only hope he had no more in his mind than he had let me know. It seemed to me a pity not to be doing something in the matter, and though I had no particular liking for Hotel de Lorraine hospitality, I had very willingly been found thither at this moment to try to get a letter to mademoiselle. But he would not send me.

"No," he had said, "it won't do. Think of something better, Felix."

But I could not, and so was taking my dull way to the inn of the Trois Lanternes.

The city wore a sleepy afternoon look. It was very hot and few cared to be stirring. I saw nothing worth my notice until, only a stone's throw from the Three Lanterns, I came upon a big black coach standing at the door of a rival auberge, L'Oie d'Or. It aroused my interest at once, for a traveling coach was a rare sight in the beleaguered city. As my master had said, this was not a time of pleasure trips to Paris. I readily imagined that the owner of his chariot came on weighty business indeed. He might be an ambassador from Spain or a legate from Rome.

I paused by the group of street urchins who were stroking the horses and clambering on the back of the coach, to wonder whether it would be worth while to wait and see the dignitary come out. I was just going to ask the coachman a question or two concerning his journey, when he began to snap his whip about the bare legs of the little wholps. The street was so narrow that he could hardly chastise them without danger to me, so it seemed best to saunter off. The screaming urchins stopped but out of the reach of his lash and to perpetuing mud at him with a right good will, but I was too old for that game. I reflected that I was charged with business for my master, and that it was nothing to me what envoys might come to Mayenne. I went on into the Three Lanterns.

The cabaret was absolutely deserted, one might have walked all about and carried off what he pleased, as from the sleeping palace in the tale. "This is a pretty way to keep an inn," I thought. "Where have all the lazy rascals got to?" Then I heard a confused murmur of voices and shuffle of feet from the back, and I went through into the passage where the staircase was.

Here were gathered, in a huddle, like scared sheep, some dozen of the serving-folk, men and maids, the lasses most of them in tears, the men looking scarce less terrified. Their gaze was fixed on the closed door of Maitre Menard's little counting-room, whence issued the shrill cry:

"Spare me, noble gentlemen! Spare a poor innkeep! I swear I know nothing of his whereabouts."

As my footsteps sounded on the threshold one and all spun around to look at me in fresh dread.

"Mon dieu, it is his lackey!" a chambermaid cried. In the next second a little wiry dame, her eyes blazing with fury, darted out of the group and seized me by the arm with a grip of her nails that made me think a panther had set on me.

"So, here you are," she screamed. I declare I thought she was going to bite me. "Oh-h-h, you and your fine master, that come here and devour our substance and never pay one sou, but bring ruin to the house! Now, go you straight in there and let them squeeze your throat awhile, and see how you like it yourself!"

She swung across the passage like a whirlwind, opened the door, shoved me in and banged it after me before I could collect my senses.

The room was small; it was very well filled up by a bureau, a strong box, a table, two chairs, three soldiers, one Innkeep fat, lean and fair.

The bureau stood by the window, with Maitre Menard's account books on it. Opposite was the table, with a captain of Navarre on it. Of his two men, one took the middle of the room amusing himself with the windpipe of Maitre Menard, the other was posted at the door. I was shot out of Mme. Menard's grasp into his, and I found his the gentler of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maitre Menard was gasping, black in the face with fright, in reply to questions. "He did not tell—I have no notion. Ah"— The breath failed him utterly, but his eyes, bloodshot and bulging, rolled toward me.

"What now?" the captain cried, springing to his feet. "Who are you?" I took to be the uniform of the city guards. I had seen the like on the officer of the gate the night I arrived. I grasped. "I don't know." The room was black to me, and the sea roared in my ears, and I wondered whether I had done well to tell the lie. For had I said that my master was in the Hotel St. Quentin, still those fellows would have found it no easy job to take him. Vigo might not be ready to defend Mlle. de Montluc, but he would defend Monsieur's heir to the last gasp. Yet I could not yield before what the choking Maitre Menard had withstood, and I stuck to my lie.

Then I bethought me, while the room reeled about me and my head seemed like to burst, that perchance I might still have a chance to overreach the captain. Now all was lost. Then the blur lifted, and my amazed eyes beheld not my master, but—Lucas!

"How now, sirrah!" he cried to the dragoon. "Hands off me, knaves!" For the second soldier had seized his other arm.

"I regret to inconvenience monsieur," the captain answered, "but he is wanted at the Bastille."

"Wanted I?" Lucas cried, fear flashing into his eyes.

He felt an instant's terror, I deem, lest Mayenne had betrayed him. Quick as he was, he did not see that he had been taken for another man.

"You, monsieur. You are wanted for the murder of your man Pontou."

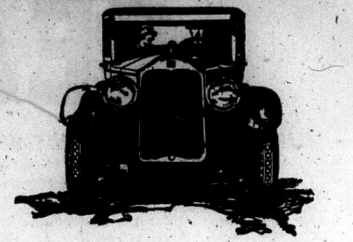
He grew white, looking instinctively at me, remembering where I had been for 3 o'clock this morning.

"It is a lie! He left my service a month back and I have never seen him since."

"Tell that to the judges," the captain said, as he had said to me. "I am not trying you. The handcuffs, men."

One of them produced a pair. Lucas struggled frantically in his captors' grasp. He dragged them from one end of the room to the other, calling down all the curses of heaven upon them; but they snapped the handcuffs on him for all that.

"If this is Mayenne's work"— he panted.



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WHEN McLaughlin-Buick made its famous six-cylinder, Valve-in-Head engine vibrationless beyond belief, millions, the world over, hailed this startling advance in motor car performance as an engineering triumph.

Now McLaughlin-Buick for 1928 has followed with another great contribution to motoring comfort. McLaughlin-Buick has taken vibration out of the road by equipping every model with Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, front and rear—an added luxury that the savings of McLaughlin-Buick volume have been able to supply.

McLaughlin-Buick Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—made an integral part of the car by re-designing springs and chassis—provide far greater smoothness than Shock Absorbers which are added as "extra equipment". M-728C

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run his errands, and last night brought me home with him. But I had never seen him till this time yesterday. I know nothing about him save that he seemed a very free-handed, easy master."

To a nice ear I might have seemed a little too voluble, but the captain only laughed at my patent fright.

"Oh, you need not look so whey-faced; I have no warrant for your arrest. I dare say you are as great a rascal as he, but the order says nothing about you. Don't swoon away; you are in no peril."

I was stung to be thought such a craven, but I pocketed the insult and merely answered:

"I assure you, monsieur, I know naught of the matter." Yesterday I would have blurted out to him the whole truth; decidedly my experiences were teaching me something.

"Come, now, I can't fool about here all day," he said impatiently. "Tell me where your precious master is or you're the Duc de Guise."

"I am not the Duc de Guise," Lucas returned with dignity. He must have been cursing himself that he had not given his name sooner. "For I am Comte de Mar!"

"Oh, you say that now, do you? Pity you had not thought of it sooner."

"But I am not the Comte de Mar! I am Paul de Lorraine, nephew to my Lord Mayenne."

"Why don't you say straight out that you're the Duc de Guise?"

"I am not the Duc de Guise," Lucas returned with dignity. He must have been cursing himself that he had not given his name sooner. "For I am Comte de Mar!"

"Mille tonnerres! I am not the

SEARCHLIGHT SPECIALS

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WOMEN'S SILK HOSE, ON SALE $1.19 PAIR

Clearing of odd lines to make way for new Fall Stock. These are all pure thread silk in chiffon and service weights. Some even are full fashioned. In shades of Circassian, Tille, Arab, Pablo, Oakbuff, Champagne, Zinc. Sizes 8½ to 10. Regular $2.00 and $2.50 lines.

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Fall weight, Brown Cotton Hose, with garter hem, reinforced heels and toes. Only a limited quantity in the lot.

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5 dozen only of these White Balbriggan Bloomers. Fine quality with elastic at waist and knee. All medium size. Regular 50c. quality.

CHILDREN'S SOCKS, HALF PRICE

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Mercerized Lisle Socks with fancy stripe cuff in contrasting shades. These are lines left from the season's selling. Sizes in short and ⅞ length. All to be cleared at half of original marking.

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REGULAR 40 CENT LINES, SALE PRICE 3 PAIRS FOR $1.00

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TO CLEAR 19 CENTS EACH

These garments are made from fine, strong white cotton that will give excellent wear. Styles come in tailored effects or trimmed with lace and embroidery.

Original prices ranged from 75c. to $1.50 each.

3 DOZEN PAIRS WHITE COTTON DRAWERS

49 CENTS PAIR

Our entire stock of cotton drawers is assembled in this noteworthy special. Values that were originally $1.00 and $1.50 per pair.

Garments are well cut in full sizes and made from fine, strong cotton. Come tailored, lace or embroidery trimmed.

25 SUMMER DRESSES TO CLEAR $5.00 EACH

VALUES THAT WERE $9.95 TO $15.00 ORIGINALLY

It's the end of the summer season with us. These dresses must go—Cost price and profits are not being considered. These Dresses reflect the smartest of summer styles.

Featured in Figure Voiles, Figured Cotton Crepes, Fugi Silks, Spunolis, Striped Broadcloth.

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We have prepared a splendid line-up of Searchlight Specials for business throughout the store on Friday and Saturday this week.

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We invite you to share in the savings.

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LINEN LUNCHEON SETTS

$1.95 SETT

These setts are both dainty and very useful. Cloth comes in 45 inch size with six serviettes to match. Procurable in shades of Gold, Rose, and Blue checks on a White ground.

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Come in Fawn ground with Blue or Red stripes. Featured in a good handy size and in a quality that is bound to give extra service.

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Large size, 81 x 105 Inches

Reg. $4.50 values for $3.50. 3 only.

Reg. $3.25 values for $2.50. 4 only.

BLEACHED LINEN TABLE DAMASK, $1.00 PER YD.

66 inches wide and every thread pure linen—the quality is unusual for the price. In floral designs only. Be sure to get in on this value.

DOUBLE BED SIZE FLANNELETTE BLANKETS $2.29 PAIR

These are large size and in first quality only—they are exceptionally well napped. Procurable in White or Grey, with either Pink or Blue borders.

Colder nights are coming. Now is the time to prepare. Estimate your wants while prices are rock bottom.

GRASTEX RUGS AND MATS

SPECIALLY REDUCED FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

27 x 54 Rugs, reg. 75c. for 60c.
36 x 72 Rugs, reg. 98c. for 79c.
4 ft. 6 x 6 ft. Rugs, reg. $1.85 .....for $1.38
8 x 10 ft. Rugs, reg. $4.50 .....for $3.60
9 x 12 ft. Rugs, reg. $5.95 .....for $4.75

These are extra good quality, in colors of Brown, Blue and Green with stenciled borders.

18 OILCLOTH RUNNERS

TO CLEAR—98 CENTS EACH

Good heavy quality, with borders on the ends and sides. Suitable for halls. Attractive patterns in Blue and Brown, Green and Rose combination.

Size 18 in. x 9 feet.

ELECTRIC FLOOR LAMPS

6 ONLY AT $3.49 EACH

The stand and base are made from heavy iron, finished in bronze effect. Complete with hand-decorated parchment shades, adjustable hangers, cord and attachment complete. Height 58 inches.

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SEARCHLIGHT SPECIALS IN WASH FABRICS

REGULAR TO $1.25 LINES—TO CLEAR AT 48 CENTS YARD

This special embraces such desirable materials as Normandy Voile, Shimmer Silk, Duro Dye Stripe Broadcloth, Figured Dimity, Fgured Charmeuse.

The assortment, though not large in any one fabric, is well balanced. Colors and patterns are very desirable. Materials are double width.

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69 CENTS PER YARD

This is an excellent Searchlight Special, as colored Fugi Silks are in great demand. The quality is exceptionally good. Choose from a wide list of desirable shades.

RICH SILK FABRICS

$1.48 PER YARD

Plaid and stripe Fugi Silks and fancy Foulard Silks are the two chief items in this special. The assortment represents the leftovers from the season's selling of these two fashionable materials.

WASHABLE CREPE IN SILK AND COTTON, CELANESE AND COTTON

REGULAR $1.25 TO $1.50 LINES.

SEARCHLIGHT PRICE 98 CENTS PER YD.

This is a splendid opportunity for saving money and at the same time securing good looking and reliable wash fabrics that have sold successfully this season.

Only a small balance left in floral, check and plaid designs.

23 SEMI-MADE WASH DRESSES

TO CLEAR $1.00 EACH

The material featured is guaranteed American Percale, firm in weight and satisfactory in service. Dresses are all cut, ready to sew up. Trimmings are included in the same package. Excellent assortment of colors.

40 BOYS' WASH SUITS

CLEARING AT 1-3 LESS THAN REGULAR

$1.50 Suits selling at $1.00.
$1.75 Suits selling at $1.18.
$2.00 Suits selling at $1.34.
$2.25 Suits selling at $1.50.
$2.50 Suits selling at $1.67.
All colors are fast.

50 BOYS' SWEATER COATS

SPECIAL AT $1.89

Regular $2.19 to $2.50 Values.

Sizes 6 years to 17 years. Fancy colored bodies, plain bodies with fancy collar and cuffs. A real buy for school wear.

20 BOYS' KHAKI PLAY SUITS

Ages 2, 3, 4. To clear at $1.00 each. Splendid quality and well made.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Ethel Hawley is visiting Miss Rathbun at Wellington.

Miss Leone Sampson has returned from Toronto.

Mr. Harold R. Baughan, of Jersey City, N. J., arrived home Saturday to spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Irwin and son, Buffalo, N.Y., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dickens.

Mr. J. Fred Tilley, Toronto, was the guest of Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Gilbert and family are visiting friends in Rochester, N.Y.

Miss Muriel Paul is spending a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Wilson at Sans Souci.

Miss Jennie Graham, Toronto, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Graham, River Road.

Mr. R. A. McCracken, Toronto, is visiting his brother, Mr. A. McCracken, Roblin, and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. B. Cronk, Guelph, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. H. Meagher.

Mr. Chas. Coxall, Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. W. Coxall.

Mrs. C. Storr and daughter, Renotta, of Point Anne, are visiting relatives and friends at Roblin and vicinity.

Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Quick and Miss Helen Bowman, Fulton, N. Y., were guests of Misses Lulu and Maud VanAlstyne, South Napanee.

Mrs. Clarence Vine and son, Miles, have returned from Detroit, Mich., where they spent three weeks with Mr. Vine.

Mr. Lester Rogers and Mr. Daniel Hogan, of Detroit, have returned home after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs .N. R. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce, of Syracuse, N.Y., motored over on Saturday to spent a few days with the latter's mother, Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill Street, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenworthy returned Thursday by motor, after spending their vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. G. Baughan. They plan to stop at Haines Falls, N.Y., in the Catskills, for the week-end, arriving in New York City Monday evening.

Mrs. Madill, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Frank Bogart.

Miss Helen Sawyer, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Matthew Taylor.

Mrs. Allan Simpson and children, Toronto, are visiting relatives in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryde, New York State, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Meyers.

Mrs. J. G. Daly and Miss Celestine are holidaying at Big Win Inn, Muskoka.

Mrs. Geo. Thompson is spending a few weeks at Bogart's Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Exley and family are at their cottage at Sans Souci.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter King are visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

Mrs. W. F. Hall and Miss Hall are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gibbard at their summer home.

Mrs. and Miss Crouch are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cliff.

Mr. V. W. Root, Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting his brother, Mr. Nelson Root.

Mr .and Mrs. W. C. Smith have returned from their camp at Bogart's.

Miss Lucy Moyle, Campbellford, is visiting friends in Napanee.

Mrs. W. J. Shannon left last week to spend a month with her daughter in Calgary, Alta.

Misses Edna and Helen Hull are spending their holidays in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Toronto, are guests of Mrs. W. A. Grange at Wallercombe.

Miss Clara Johnston is visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Northmore, Bath.

Mr. Allan MacNaughton, Montreal, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Burritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Nolan, Newcastle, Penn., and Miss C. Wehrung, Scranton, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Nolan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Henricks and daughter, Margaret, have returned home from Uxbridge and Toronto, where they have been visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred King and Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick motored to Hastings and spent the week-end. Miss Florence Kirkpatrick returned with them, after spending a week's holidays with her aunt, Mrs. Alex Smith, and other friends.

The Rev. A. L .and Mrs. McTear, of Trenton, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Maude (Bessie) to Mr. Charles Fraser Davison, B.Sc. of Windsor, Ont., elder son of Mrs. Davison and the late Charles Edwin Davison, Halfway River, N.S., the wedding to take place early in September.

Mrs. Archer and family are at Gravenhurst for the month.

Mrs. Isaac Sproule, Brampton, is visiting relatives in Napanee.

Mrs. F. Deaume, Buffalo, N.Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jas. McGraw.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parish, Columbus, Ohio, are guests of her mother, Mrs. D. W. Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Jas. Roblin and Mr. Chas. Coxall motored to Montreal on Sunday.

Miss Abbie Judson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending a couple of weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Judson.

DEATHS

Leggett—At Camden, on Friday, Aug. 19th, 1927, John Leggett, in his 71st year.

Vair—At Camden, on Wednesday, Aug. 17th, 1927, Mary Vair, aged 92 years.

The Schooner Lyman Davis brought in a load of coal for P. Gleeson this week.

Robt. Hetherington, a former well-known resident of Napanee, died at his home in Deseronto on Sunday, August 14th.

Mr. James McGillivray has accepted a position with Messrs. McIntosh Bros. as manager of their Napanee store and will assume his new position in September.

The inquest inquiring into the death on the C. N. Railway tracks at Newburgh of Frank Blair, brought in a verdict exonerating the train crew from any negligence in the matter.

Have You Used VanLuven's Scranton Coal ?

If not, you have still to know the pleasure of using this good clean coal. . Sized right to meet every burning condition. It gives heat, comfort heat, and lasts. Phone 92 to-day ; get a binful of this better coal. You will like it. VANLUVEN'S. Phone 92. A Black Business Handled White.

Nova Scotian Furniture.

The Department of Natural Resources at Halifax has had some excellent specimens of furniture, made in Nova Scotia, on exhibition. These specimens include a replica of the Memorial Tower, made by Nova Scotia artisans from a variety of Nova Scotia woods. These exhibits are to go to London, England, for show.

To Develop Gypsum Deposit.

A survey of a large gypsum deposit at Falkland, B.C., is under way and steps are being taken to develop it. The proposition is a steam-shovel one and it is proposed to establish a plant at Vancouver and at Bellingham, Washington.

BOYS AND GIRLS SAVE A MILLION

The Thrift Movement in Public Schools of Ontario.

TEACHING BY PRACTICE

The Penny Bank of Ontario and Its Strange Charter

By J. E. MIDDLETON.

Children in about three hundred schools have on deposit with The Penny Bank of Ontario approximately one million dollars. Over 60,000 pupils in Toronto alone are depositors, and in several other cities of the Province the number of customers of the Bank is imposing. The service is provided in fifty-five municipalities, large and small, and can be made available in any community served by a Branch of any Chartered Bank.

Within the past five years the school-savings movement has been stimulated in the United States by a committee of the American Bankers Association, in consultation with a group of educational leaders. In various European countries also the system of teaching thrift by practical banking has become firmly established. The Ontario plan is thoroughly worthy and has some features which are unique.

The Penny Bank of Ontario is incorporated by Special Act of Parliament for one purpose only ; the collection and protection of children's savings. It was established by a guarantee fund of $20,000, but no dividends may be paid to the men who provided the capital guarantee. The Directors receive no fees, and not a dollar of the funds may be put out on loan. The money must be invested in Government securities, or deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank—save for a liquid reserve on deposit with the Chartered Banks. The only income of the Bank is the interest on these securities and deposits, and the rate, of course, is not large. Out of that income there must be paid to depositors three per cent. on the minimum monthly balances. The surplus is just sufficient for an economical form of administration.

Clearly the Penny Bank of Ontario is not a money-making corporation. It is a philanthropy, supported by educational and finalcial leaders who know that thrift is a virtue worth teaching ; men who understand that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. The aim is to induce the habit of saving, and for that reason the banking hour comes regularly—generally every Tuesday morning. The money is paid to the teacher, who enters the amount of each deposit and the resulant balance in the child's pass book. A carbon copy of the entry goes to the Bank with the money and there the records are kept.

Hoarding is not encouraged. If the children learn that by regular saving they can accumulate enough money to buy some useful and lasting source of gratification, such as a bicycle or a pair of skates, the aim of the Penny Bank is achieved. The habit of saving learned at school usually persists when the individual begins to earn weekly wages.

A thrifty population produces a large reserve of capital for business expansion and tends to National prosperity. For that reason the interest of eminent financiers in the work of the Penny Bank of Ontario can be understood. Further, the habit of thrift is based on the habit of self-control, and self-control is the foundation-stone of good character. The man who saves money is generally a good citizen. The aim of the educationist is to produce in the schools a high percentage of good citizens. School banking is a useful aid.

The Ontario Department of Education has appointed Mr. J. R. Littleproud as Inspector of Penny Bank activities in the schools. Trustees, or other public-spirited citizens interested in the movement, can learn from him how the service of the Bank can be made available. He can be reached at the Head Office, York and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Alsatian Stamp Collector.

Alsace boasts one great collector who can vie with the American millionaire collectors. This is Mr. Maurice Burrus, of St. Croix-aux-Mines, whom speakers at exhibition functions described variously as the Pope and the King of Philatelists. His collection is the largest in Europe, and he must have spent many millions of francs in buying the big rarities from the celebrated Ferrari collection which took several years to sell in Paris recently. The Burrus collection is valued at over 100 million francs; large portions including some wonderful Ceylons, New South Wales, New Zealand, etc., were shown in the main exhibition at Strasburg but it was in the side show at the Bank that we found the choicest selection, including three of the noted "Post Office" Mauritius, the finest known pair of the circular 2 cents rose British Guiana the 4d Ceylon imperforate, unused, a superb unused 2 cents Hawaii of the so-called "Missionary" issue, which cost Mr. Burrus nearly $20,000; one of the most exotic of the 20/—provisionals of the Niger coast, and a whole crowd of star rarities.

Uganda.

Uganda is a comparatively small British territory in middle Eastern Africa back from the coast of the Indian Ocean. It is one of the great hopes of Great Britain in cotton. The total production of the crops of this colony was valued at $25,000,000 during 1925, and of this amount $4.35 per cent. consisted of raw cotton and cotton seed. Coffee and rubber were the only other crops of any importance. There are considerable forest areas in Uganda which yield good hardwoods.

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A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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HARVESTERS! 25,000 WANTED

$15.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus half a cent per mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta,—Edmonton, Tannis, Calgary, MacLeod and East.

RETURNING—Half a cent per mile to Winnipeg, plus $20.00 to destination.

AUG. 30th—From Toronto, Caledon East, Beeton, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland, Capreol, and South and East in Ontario, also Stations in Quebec West of St. Andrews and Lachute.

SEPT. 7th—From Stations in Ontario, Toronto, Inglewood Jct. and West and South thereof.

Special Trains for Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways:

From TORONTO (Union Station)—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) 12.30 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.

From OTTAWA—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th); 12.01 noon.

Sept. 7th—2.00 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.

From PETERBORO — Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) via Lindsay, Blackwater and Atherley.

From WINDSOR—Sept. 7th—12.30 a.m. (Midnight Sept 6th) via Chatham, London, Hamilton and Inglewood.

From PALMERSTON—Sept. 7th—9.00 a.m. via Guelph, Georgetown and Inglewood.

Through cars from other principal points connecting with above special trains. For details consult local Canadian National Agents

Through Trains—Comfortable Colonist Cars—Special Cars for Women and Children

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